THE

LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

Ride si Sapis Mart.

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MOMUS:

OR, THE

LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

NUMBER I.

Omnia nunc rident. VIRG.

Now all things ſmile.

IS it neceſſary for the information of thoſe who have not read the Heathen Theology, that they muſt be informed from my own mouth, that I *Momus* am the laughing, merry, diſſipated ſon of Madam *Nox* and *Sam Somnus?* or, to be more plain, begot on Mrs. *Night* by Mr. *Sleep*; two heavy, dull, parental perſonages to give life to me, the Jeſter, the Caviller, the Wit, and the Satiriſt of the ſkies, and the earth? In the clouds they have dubbed me with the name of *Cavillationis Deus*, the Carping God. It is true, that I have ever found

fault with all the Gods and Goddeſſes. I never ſpared them, though ever ſo old and venerable. I always made the old Dons the ſubject of my raillery, and the ladies the theme of my ſatirical pleaſantries; and yet I was ever ſo good-natur'd to thoſe who did not know how to paſs away their times, that I made it my buſineſs to goſſip with ſuch indolent ſouls every morning, to amuſe them with the defects of all their friends and acquaintance. I was called upon early in life to give my opinion of the celebrated compoſitions of PALLAS, NEPTUNE, and VULCAN; which I did with the ſame freedom, as I mean to do in this paper upon every other occaſion. I made madam *Minerva* pout violently, when I ſaid ſhe ſhewed no ingenuity in the erection of her ſtupendous palace; becauſe, if ſhe had a bad neighbourhood about her houſe, "*ſhe couldn't move it.*" I then put her out of countenance by ſhewing her the *Iron-houſe on Hampſtead Heath*, which the ſenſible conſtructor tranſports at pleaſure: for no man in his ſenſes would wiſh to live for life in that *ſcandalum magnatum* hamlet. Upon another occaſion I called the *boatſwain Neptune a lubber for not putting his bull's horns before his eyes*; and ſwore that *Vulcan* was a *bungler*, and no artiſt, to make the body of a man without making the glazier put a window in his breaſt, that one might diſcover his *ſly wicked thoughts:* but I ſuppoſe you are obliged to him for the miſtake,

take, as it would have brought your bodies under the tax levied by Government for heavenly day-light. Beſides, upon ſecond thoughts, Sir John Fielding would have received no benefit from this elucidation; for every fool of a juſtice would have ſeen deeper into a man's breaſt, than this blind, *vigilant* Argus. This is the preface to my Heathen hiſtory. I am now to tell you, that I am tired of the Skies, and that I am come amongſt you below to find all the faults I can, and rail inceſſantly at all, from your uxorious Chief, to *Pinchy* the *tiddy-dol* toyman.

Now, Ladies you underſtand me.—Have a care! no curtains of a ſedan-chair can hide you, when bobbing away to a houſe of intrigue, from my diſcovery. Ye Men, whatever be your vices, I will lug them forth? Miniſters who attempt to ſmuggle ſecrets ſhall be detected; thoſe who finger Government's money ſhall be expoſed; and thoſe who ſqueeze a *Gentoo* to death for diamonds in Bengal, ſhall ſtand forth in the forum to the ſlow finger of Scorn. In one word, you ſhall find me *le Dieu de la raillerie, qui railloit toujours & cenſuroit impitoyablement les defaits de tout le Monde.*

NUMBER II.

Sine more furit lymphata per urbem. VIRG.

O'er the vaſt city, with unbounded rage,
She roves diſtracted.

BEFORE I proceed partially to diſcuſs any particular themes, I will range the great world at large, and treat of men and things in general. I will not deſcend to the vices of individuals at once, but I will ramble through the cities of London and Weſtminſter, and gather ſentiments and follies promiſcuouſly as they occur in my walk.

I WAKED this morning determined to range the City of Weſtminſter; and before I paſſed Temple Bar, I took a *Doctor* from the fair hand of the ſmart Bar-maid of *Nando's-Coffee-Houſe*.—I ſmiled,—ſhe ſimpered.—I took the mixture from her right hand—and ſhe took my *teſter* in her left.—"Miſs!" ſaid I.—"You're welcome," ſaid ſhe; and I came out.

Upon paſſing the Bar, I ſmiled on the left at Child's the Banker's; but That not being the ſhop of my money, I turned my eyes upon the Fiſh on the right, which is too dear a diet for Authors at this ſeaſon: I lamented the want of the

the *ſine quâ non*, and left Butcher Row and the Robin-Hood unobſerved and unattended.—In going up Catherine-ſtreet, I lit upon Mr. *Becket*, who was juſt iſſued from his ſtore-houſe of Wiſdom — clean-powdered, — ſmooth-ſhaved, with his right hand ſtroaking his chin, and the left under his right arm-pit.—" Ah Mr. *Mo-*" *mus!*" ſays he, " how well the laſt piece " went off at Drury-lane!" " *Damned well*, (ſays I) if you mean the *Duel?*"—" Don't be ſevere—don't, Mr. *Momus!*" Then taking a ſudden twiſt like a cork-ſcrew (enough to break the bones of a man of ſubſtance without the rack or wheel) he glided inſtantaneouſly from me, like a ghoſt. This Bookſeller has ſenſe and ingenuity: he dabbles in water wherein oil and vinegar are mixt, without impoſing on the ſmoothneſs of the one, or offending the ſourneſs of the other. 'Tis a delicate point to act between ſuch oppoſite extremes. Mr. Garrick and Mr. Colman are different men; and yet Mr. Becket has addreſs enough to be the boſom-friend of both.

Ruminating thus, I reached Covent-Garden Piazza, where I again catched a glimpſe of the *Ariel Becket*, who popp'd up the long, narrow paſſage to the Manager's, before I gained ſight of the label on Mrs. Thornton's door. Happy ſituation! between the joys of *Tomkins* and the vatican of *Venus*.

Seeing a croud about the door of this The-

atrical King, my curioſity led me to diſcover the occaſion. A tall meagre-looking young fellow very readily gave me to underſtand that he was an actor of abilities, for he had ever lived in a gentleman's ſervice, and that every *kitchen* declared his powers. "But ſays he, Sir! "is it not abominable to a man of my verboſity "to ſtand attending day by day at the outward "wicket, without being able to ſee this Guar- "dian of the public amuſements? Is it not "diſtreſſing, that ſuch fellows ſhould be ſuf- "fered to enact, and ſuch parts as mine be "neglected in Covent-garden? A Miniſter is "eaſier of acceſs." "Yes," ſays a tawdry nymph, "unleſs you're in with the *Macaroni* "*Footman*; but I'll force myſelf upon him— "he ſhall know my parts. I have not been on "the Town ſo long but I know what's what, "and ſo ſhall he too."—Saying this, ſhe followed the Baker up the entry, and left me to the rage of a mercileſs Author, who ſuppoſed me a friend of the Manager, in ſpite of every proteſtation I made to the contrary. "Sir, "ſays he, I'm a *Ship-wright*, and I can build ſhip or boat—tragedy, comedy, farce or pantomine; ay, Sir, and rigg them too better than Mr. *Reid*, in ſpite of his dung-barge the *Regiſter Office*. Sir, I come from *Deptford*, (this he warmly expreſſed with his fiſt clenched) and I have written to Mr. Colman, and called, and ſtood, and waited at the bottom of this

this long *gang-way* a hundred times; and, Sir, he has got my *play*, and I can neither get ſight of him, Sir, nor of my comedy. No tricks upon travellers! I'll ſtick to him like pitch: he ſhall not eſcape my reſentment, nor vamp it up with a new title on his own account. By the wooden walls of Old England, I ſwear, that if his jeſſamy Footman don't let me into his great cabin, I will hew my way with my axe into the green-room, nor ſpare actor, actreſs, ſcene-ſhifter nor candle-ſnuffer! Theſe are my reſolutions—and you may tell him ſo—look to't; and off launched the wooden Bard!

Here I pitied the ſituation of Mr. Colman, who might be cut up by this furious carpenter into epigrams, ſonnets, enigmas, and rebuſes, with as much eaſe as he carves out chips for his daily fire.

As ſoon as he had left me, I ſlipped into the *Bedford Coffee-Houſe*, where Miſs *Barber*, with all the frozen chaſtity of ſixty years, wiſhed me the joys of the ſeaſon. I looked keenly about me, being told the *Mohawks* and the *Eſquimaux Macaronies* frequented here, who carry cheeſe in their pockets to make a man eat, whether he will eat or not. I aſked the waiter in a whiſper for theſe *fee-fo-fum* Gentlemen; and he relieved me by ſaying, one had been knocked down, and he believed they had done making offerings of cheeſe. Here I was amuſed with a motley groupe; men of all nations and all

profeſſions; wits and dunces; knaves and honeſt men; beaux and ſlovens; young and old; heroes and cowards. I then juſt caſt my eyes over the drawer of baubles before Mrs. *Hobſter*, ſmiled at the dignity of her perſon—wiſhed the fulfilling of ſome pleaſing ideas—took a letter from the bar, and tumbled into the Piazza to breakfaſt.

NUMBER III.

All different Ways on different Errands run:—
Some to undo, and ſome to be undone. DENHAM.

IT was my intention to have progreſſively continued my obſervations on the amuſements of Covent-Garden; but as the reign of the Charcoal Queen HARRIOT does not commence till ebon night appears, I quitted this rendezvous of folly and fornication, and poſted, with an impatient croud, to the ſale of the late Princeſs-Dowager's jewels in Pall-Mall.

The Mother of the K—of England deceaſed, and her jewels publicly ſold, was a circumſtance I could not reconcile to myſelf. There appeared to me to be ſuch a want of filial reſpect in the idea, that I would not believe common rumour, and therefore determined to purſue my way to *Chriſtie*'s, for a confirmation of this ungenerous

ungenerous report. The great croud aſſembled upon the occaſion convinced me, that ſomething uncommon muſt be upon the carpet; but, to be certain of the truth before I broached my reflections, I addreſſed an elderly gentleman who ſtood next to me, to know the reaſon of ſuch a valuable ſale of diamonds. He replied, "These are the effects of the late Dowager. "She bequeathed them equally to her three "ſons, who could not agree about the diviſion "of them. They therefore are ordered for "public ſale by the eldeſt. Their value is com-"puted at a hundred and eighty thouſand "pounds; they will not fetch ninety thouſand, "and the greateſt part of them will be pur-"chaſed by the jewellers." As he concluded theſe words, a ſnuff-box was put up for ſale, of a peculiar antique elegance. I thought I knew the bauble, having often ſeen it in the hand of the firſt royal ——— of this kingdom.—The bidders were many, and the offers great.—I laughed at the folly of the folks, and cried loudly, "'Twas Nell Gwyn's." The people ſtared, and bid ten times as much.—The old gentleman continued his converſe, and ſaid, "When theſe valuable toys are all ſold, "the furniture of her houſe will be alſo diſ-"poſed of." "Well, replied I, and beſt ſo, "if the ladies cannot agree about the propoſed "ſhares. I ſuppoſe if the old gentlewoman "had been worth anatomizing, they would

" have ſold her alſo to Surgeons Hall." " Sir, " continued the gentleman, your quips are " ſevere." I ſhudder for this act. I think it unbecoming the meaneſt ſubject, and I deſpiſe it in the greateſt—. The gentleman growing grave, was a ſufficient reaſon for me to avoid him; therefore I ſqueezed up to ſome women of faſhion, who had no money, but a longing diſpoſition to pocket ſomething. The auctioneer's varlets ſeemed apprized of their intentions, and were as eager to attend as they were to deceive.——If the domeſtic baubles of royal folly are to be thus exhibited to the vulgar eye, I ſuppoſe the other *regalia* of ſtate will go to the pawnbroker's, *Magna Charta* to the chandler's, and the kingdom to the *Devil.*

As it was late before the ſale ended, I determined to return, to finiſh my day's ramble with the evening amuſements of Covent-Garden.

I do not find that Covent-Garden has in the leaſt abated in her wanton luxuries ſince the abdication of Mrs. *Cole*; nor do I find the vigilance of a certain Magiſtrate ſo active about home as at a diſtance. It is a maxim amongſt thieves, *never to rob at home.* You are therefore certain of being ſafe whenever you are in the verge of the court, or within the ſmoak of the meretricious juſtice, who is conſtantly hunting diſtant vagrants, whilſt thoſe vicious chickens immediately under his wings paſs with impunity

punity, from a ſecurity that thieves are quiet at home. Beſides, they have ſuch happy methods to prevent his proceedings, by giving a little gold. This *blind, vigilant* Argus is ſo tender to his domeſtic flock, that whenever he is coming his rounds, he always diſpatches his heralds before to announce his approach: and then the courſe is clear, the dice are out of the way, the *Nuns* are in their cloyſters, and the Lady Abbeſs is ready at the door, with her cordial and her caſh.

After this good piece of juſtice-ſhip had made his laſt viſit, I took advantage of my celeſtial inviſibility, and whipp'd down the chimney into the Gambler's room of *The Roſe*, where I found the *Black Legs* deep at it, and *twigging* the unwary Bucks of the City, who were giving notes of hand, for that which they will never be able to pay; whilſt, in the little Parlour, were ſeated round the fire a dozen beautiful Nymphs, the firſt of Mr. Harris's Covent-Garden liſt, waiting to be called.

I next entered *Tom's Coffee-houſe* in the character of a phyſician, and confiding in my dignity of wig, they did not doubt my being a guinea annual ſubſcriber. I ſtrutted about, took ſnuff, held my cane to my noſe, looked damn'd dull, ſmoaked the Baron and the Governor, laughed at Mr. Colman's quarrel, and ſaw Foote move graceful on his wooden leg.

I next dropped in at the *Shakeſpeare's-Head*, where

where I found in one room twenty captains of the navy in high debate—broadſide and broadſide—yard-arm and yard-arm—ſmaſhing the French and the Port—happy as kings—loud as thunder—without order, converſe, or quarrel. In the next room, over the fire-place, was the original *old lion*, down whoſe throat all the letters went for the authors of the *Spectators*, at Batſon's Coffee-Houſe; and under his jaws was a Baronet and a young Widow. The Baronet had got the fineſt diſh on the table that the ſtomach of man ever fell to. I whipped through a key-hole and diſcovered hopping *Tomkins* laughing, and limping a cotillon with nine *filles de joy*, waiting for the diſmiſſion of the theatre, to feed with random lovers upon his viands.—Happy Tomkins!

"None but the *brave* deſerve the fair."

I wiſhed for the deluding power of little *Ariel* to have led theſe nymphs to the jolly captains, or to have launched the captains upon theſe doxies of Heſperides. The inclinations of the honeſt Tars were keen for ſuch company, but the half pay purſe could not furniſh theſe *Dames* with a ſufficient ſhower of gold.

NUMBER

NUMBER IV.

Un jour en raiſonnant je traverſais la ville.

As on I trudge throughout this buſtling City,
I laugh aloud—or ſmile—or ſigh—or pity!

I Think upon mature deliberation, that it is better to laugh at the follies of human nature, than to weep at them. *Heraclitus* did not make ſo many converts as *Democritus*. It is harder to reaſon men out of their follies, than to laugh them out of their abſurdities. *Ariſtophanes* ſucceeded highly in Greece, upon this plan of external humour and behaviour; and no man of the modern times has done more univerſal good to the community than *Foote*. He has cured more dreaming canting fanatics, and brought them back to reaſon and their ſhops, than all the perſecutions of the Inquiſition. I hold it an invariable rule, that whenever you raiſe the laugh againſt miniſter or man, you are ſure to effect your point. It is the ſevereſt ſatire—it is riſible irony.

Thus meditating, I took my walk into the town to *ſmoak* characters, and obſerve the manners of paſſengers, who were either purſuing pleaſure or buſineſs. I ſtroled negligently

to

to the Park, to look at the meridian butterflies of the day; for no park is honoured and peſtered with ſuch a mixture as the *Park of St. James*. A bench beſt ſuited my purpoſe; whereon I found an old gentleman of fortune, who poſſeſſed a dignified ſituation at court. I ſaw into his heart at a ſquint; and what do you think was his buſineſs in the Mall? Only, ſimply and coolly, to pick up a doxy. Mr. Pope had an idea of this *old youth*, when he ſaid,

" He to his wench crawls forth on knocking knees,
" And envies ev'ry ſparrow that he ſees."

Three earl's daughters next paſſed me, painted two colours, and their eye-brows penciled. I took them by the flaunting wanton toſs of the head, and the loud impertinent laugh, to be the noontide courteſans, who cruiſe for culls and dinners; but, on nearer ken, they were the daughters of the ſurly dead *Bob*.—— " And what did they want, Mr. Momus, ſays " the reader." Want!—they want!—I don't think a horſewhip and water-gruel would do them any harm. Ah, the baggages of beauty! They wanted—three young men. " Cavalry, " I ſuppoſe." No; Foot. " Captains?" No; Enſigns: and were they ſuited to their ſtrength and vigor, they would carry a fuſee, knapſack, and colours, better than half the tiny

things

things the king *diſtinguiſhes* by the name of Soldiers.

Running over the vanities and impotent abilities of this *old Buck*, we were divided ſuddenly by a tight, clean, ſmart, roſy-cheeked, pert, bouncing wench. I found the *old Youth* began to chuckle at this feminine junction, and inwardly wiſhed me at the Devil, for ſpoiling the ſport of aſſignation and intrigue. The girl turned firſt one way, then the other way, divided equally between the two amorous aſſes, as the animal was between two bundles of hay, and as likely to ſtarve. At length I relieved her ſuſpence, by aſſuring her I had no inclination, and my old friend had no ability; upon which he roſe, ſhaking his large King William's wig, and growled like a lion without teeth. But as he was hobbling away, with the Nymph of Negligence at his heels, I took care to repeat aloud,

En évitant Scylla, Charybde m'engloutit.

Two elegant figures next paſſed me by, from the purlieus of proſtitution. They had native beauty, and native grace; but not contented with what the dowdy handmaid of Health had given them, they had ſpoiled thoſe very beauties with Warren's pernicious red and white, and a thouſand other diabolical coſmetics. I whiſpered them in the ear, that I had heard of their

their painting; and though God had given them one face, they had made themſelves another. Theſe were ſucceeded by the waggiſh Lady A——n. On ſhe came: Luſt wanton'd in her face—in ev'ry geſture, infamy and ſin. She had appointed a blooming Dilletanti to meet her here; the ſignal, a white handkerchief to her face. Alas, ye huſbands! how many are daily diſhonoured by theſe meretricious and meridian walks!—It is in vain to enumerate the many loiterers, and their various purſuits: Enſigns were parading for Damſels and Dinners; Virgins for Lovers; Wives for Intrigues; Bacchanals to breathe out the fumes of their debauch; Gamblers to calculate Chances; and Poets to pick up Sentiments and Strumpets.

This ſcene was cloſed by a faded captain of the Foot-Guards, who, for twelve flowery years of frolic and fornication, had been acknowledged by taylors, hatters, and milliners, the Narciſſus of the Parterre. He had laviſhed his thouſands *vis-à-vis* on Kitty Fiſher, and ſold his commiſſion to relieve a punk impriſoned; and ſhe, with that affection and attachment peculiar to a gay alluring proſtitute, embraced his charity with rapture, bathed him with hyæna tears, covered him with the treſſes of her Dalilah hair, and, as ſoon as free from the jail, and in open air, ſpread her ſilken wings, and flew away. Rage, grief, and diſappointment, ſeized

ſeized the mind and breaſt of the deluded Youth. Phrenzy kicked Reaſon from her ſeat, and wildly led the frantic boy around the gaping town. Bacchus offered him the intoxicating cup; and he, alas! in full potations drinks to forget his fate, his fortune, his misfortune. The mind is almoſt vaniſhed; and he, alas! muſt fall a victim to Venus and to Wine.—Would Youth regard a moment this walking moral of ruined and evaporated manhood, they would more cautiouſly conſult the path, before they ran the race.

Biens, richeſſes, titres, honneurs,
Gloire, ambition, renommè,
Eclats faux, éclats impoſteurs,
Vous n'êtes que de la fumée.
Non, rien de ſolide ici bas,
Tout juſqu'aux plus puiſſants etats,
Eſt le jouet de l'inconſtance.

Titles, riches, honours, wealth,
Glory, ambition, and renown,
Bubbles, what are you to health?
Smoak, impoſtors of the town.
All empty as the vacant wind;
The baſeleſs fabric of a dream!
The very things we greateſt deem
Leave not a wreck behind.

NUMBER V.

Un Héraclite *pleure, un* Démocrite *rit.*
VOLTAIRE.

A weeping Paſſion *Heraclitus* ſways;
Democritus in laughing ſpends his days. ANON.

I HAVE often looked down upon theſe peculiar Eaſtern Philoſophers with an eye of pity and deriſion. I have condemned one for crying, and I have cenſured the other for laughing. But if I am to be governed by extremes, let me rather ſmile on the follies and abſurdities of mankind, than lament with tears their vices and apoſtacies. An honeſt man is the *rara avis*, the black ſwan of the day; and thoſe who bawl and brawl for Virtue, and make ſo violent a rout againſt Vice, have too often leſs honour than their neighbours, and, to eſcape detection, cry *peccavi* firſt. Mankind are at once ſo univerſally inoculated for every miſdemeanor, that although you ſee them eſcape the trowel of the ſmall-pox, yet their hearts are as light, putrid, and peſtilential, as bad example, and propenſe inclination to evil, can make them.

The mighty overgrown LONDON is the fineſt laughing theme of the great world: it is the

the royal Theatre of whim and wickedneſs; folly and fornication; diſeaſe and diſſipation; riches and roguery; pleaſantry and poverty; humour and humbug; pantomime and patriotiſm. A man of obſervation meets with more diſcourſe for his mental eye in a walk through the ſtreets of this great town, than in all the cities of Europe beſide.

Walking in the ſtreets of London is the true orthodox tread upon Fairy Ground. — You have the ſpells of Pick-pockets, the enchantments of Beauty, the incantations of pleaſure, and the lures of vice around you. You may have intoxication in a tavern — love in an alley — muſick in the market-place—coffee in every ſtreet — and ox-cheek and oyſters in every cellar. Here you have palaces for kings — hotels for foreigners — taverns for rakes—brothels for bunters—theatres for amuſements— temples for worſhip——and Tyburn for thieves. London is the grand mart of the world :——It is more extenſive, more univerſal, more ſuperb, but leſs populous, than *Pekin* :— It is more general than Paris, Vienna, or Peterſbourgh : — It is more religious and more profligate — more rich and more admired than all the cities of the world for its modern excellencies. *Rome* and *Herculaneum* are hunted after for mouldy antiquities; but it is London that is extolled for its preſent and extenſive beauties.

Here you meet with high curioſities and low ones,

ones, that will ever draw the attention of foreigners.——The abbey of Weſtminſter is a piece of awful and excellent architecture; — the magnificence of St. Paul's is a ſtupendous curioſity; and the plain ſimplicity of St. Paul's Covent-Garden is a mark of the ingenuity of INIGO JONES, whoſe houſes upon the South-ſide of Great Queen-ſtreet do honour to the taſte of the Genius. But the exterior beauties of theſe houſes in general are not equal to their inſides; their inward dignities ſurpaſs the pomp of Perſia, not in tawdry ornaments, but in convenient elegancies. A man who has money, may have at once every delicate, every dainty, and every ornamental beauty of the four Quarters of the World. Aſia, Europe, Africa, and America, are cultivated and ranſacked to indulge the inhabitants in every luxury; and when this iſland ſhall be conquered and depopulated (which will be in a century, if we may judge of the emigrations to America), how will the riſing world wonder at the luxurious lives which Engliſh peaſants led, when they are informed, that their common drink was compoſed of a plant which grew in China, drawn with hot-water, and mixed with the juice of the Weſt India Sugar-cane made into a hard conſiſtence; and that this liquor was called TEA!

It is this luxury, I am afraid, that will prove the ruin of this iſland.

NUMBER

NUMBER VI.

To Mr. MOMUS.

SIR,

TO ſave you the trouble of writing a Paper, I have ſent you as merry a one as you can write for your Fame! —— I am, Sir, yours without more to ſay,

TIM TESTY.

Veni Highgate, *quo proſpexi*
Urbem perdite quam dilexi,
Hic Tyronibus exoſum
Hauſi Cornu-tortuoſum,
Ejus memorans ſalutem
Cujus caput fit cornutum.

Then I view'd, from Highgate-Hill,
City lov'd — for ev'ry ill;
By the Horns I ſtoutly ſwore,
And what Cuckold could do more.
I the memory ſaluted
Of that Head — the laſt cornuted. ANON.

SOME Election buſineſs ſuddenly called me from London to Eaton, northward. I was under an obligation of obliging my Patron, by getting drunk twice a-day while I ſtaid in the place, and of going through the ceremony of ſtanding god-father to all the unbaptiſed Brats

of

of the place, for my Patron Sir Robert. Do you know Sir Robert? Oh, he has been a gay creature! When a young man, he was only celebrated for wearing *white and ſilver*; and now he is an old man, he is vainly diſtinguiſhed by his different ſnuff-boxes, and by the variety of ſnuffs which he takes. Sir Robert has not another *virtue*; and yet he is a Parliament-man. Sir Robert is thought to be wonderous wiſe by his conſtituents; for whenever they aſk him a damned crump queſtion (ſuch a one as he cannot reſolve) Sir Robert ſhakes his head, takes two pinches of ſnuff, one after the other, out of his right-hand box, and then they know how it is. Zounds! he has pantomimed them into a belief, that he is more ſagacious than an oracle, or the celebrated brazen head of Friar Bacon. Ah Lord! there is no knowing what Sir Robert can do by a nod.—Zookers! he has nodded all his conſtituents into a belief that he is JUNIUS. Now, is not that nodding to ſome purpoſe? And yet Sir Robert does not ſay a word more in the Parliament-houſe than he does out of it. *Ecce iterum Robertus.* —O he is a ſilent pleaſant man, and the delight of the county; for he is ſo ſtately and proud, that he would not turn his back upon a Turkey-cock for dreſs and amorous burſts and ſtarts.—But where have I got to? I was ſaying, how I was obliged to kiſs every blackſmith's wife in the place for my good friend Sir Robert.

He

He could not ſtoop to do that; — I often wiſh he would, for they are all fond of ſnuff; and a whiff from his tanned noſtrils would come over them like the breath of *Harding*'s ſhop, ſtealing and giving them ordure. But he won't kiſs them! It would be doing too much honour to ſuch leathern-aproned plebeians' wives. Yes, yes; Sir Robert knows how to ſtand upon his points! he has picked up ſentiments and ſnuffs in every Court of Europe. O he is a fine old Grecian!

I took my wife down with me to Eaton, becauſe ſhe is of ſervice to Sir Robert too upon theſe occaſions; for while I am buſied in kiſſing the women, the voters are all buſy in kiſſing of her: therefore, where I ſtand god-father, Deborah ſtands god-mother. There is nothing like ſtanding for children at theſe general elections, ſays Deborah! And how it is, Jupiter and Lucina know beſt; for either before election, or at election, the women one and all contrive to be with-child in honour of Sir Robert.

I had a terrible diſpute with my wife, Mrs. *Deborah Teſty*, at coming into Eaton. There are two very good inns; and as we are bound, in honour to Sir Robert, to divide our favours, I argued ſtrongly to go to the White Lyon; but Mrs. Teſty peremptorily replied ſhe would go to the Cock. Now, to be ſure, the Cock at Eaton is an excellent inn, the liquors are good, the

the hoſt is wakeful, and the hoſteſs is decently dog-days fat. Says I, "My dear, the Lion "is the King of all beaſts, and we ſhould con- "ſider quality in all ſtations of life." "Qua- "lity (ſays ſhe)! Would you rank an out- "landiſh brute, Mr. Timothy Teſty, with a "true Engliſh game-cock? My ſtars and gar- "ters preſerve me from ſuch ideas! Prefer a "foreigner to the breed of our land! I "ſhould be aſhamed of myſelf, were I ever ſo "*craving*, to prefer a tawdry, ſnuffy French "Ambaſſador to a true and noble Engliſh "Lord.—No, Mr. Teſty, I will defend my "country, and do honour to the game-cocks "of it, while I have breath to draw." "Fire "and fury, Mrs. Teſty (replied I)! I wiſh "all the cocks of the kingdom were twiſted "about your neck; you were bred on a dung- "hil, and you will never have the crowing "out of your ears."—"*Gallus* forbid (repli- "ed Mrs. Teſty) that I ſhould!" Gallows, "gallows (anſwered I)! I wiſh you were "mounted upon one as high as Haman." By this the poſt-boy, as if he had overheard the vociferous brawl of my wife, drove up to the Cock; and it was impoſſible for me, with any degree of decency, to order the chaiſe to the Lion: Mrs. Teſty grew calm, and ſhewed ſome ſmiles amongſt the ſmall wrinkles on the lower part of her viſage.

We

We guzzled and drank, and danced and ſung, and did a hundred other things up and down the pariſh in honour of Sir Robert: and after the ſeventh day (and hallowed be it!) we ſtopped at the Horns at Highgate; which pleaſed me, for I had ſtill a great deal of Sir Robert's good punch in me. But when the landlord brought them to Mrs. Teſty, I verily thought ſhe would have twiſted them off the ſtick. I ſaw her countenance change, ſhe turned up her noſe, ſucked her eye-teeth, pulled up her head, but did not ſpeak a word. Thinks I, there is ſomething in the wind, and I am mortally deceived if we ſhan't have a violent ſquall before this buſineſs is ſettled: but I was determined to go thorough ſtitch with every thing. "So land-"lord (ſays I)! come, adminiſter to us the "Cuckold's Catechiſm!"—He then, with a true orthodox twang, began, "You that be-"lieve the true rites and commandments of "Love, muſt promiſe and vow, That you will "not kiſs the Maid before the Miſtreſs, unleſs "you like the Maid better." "Mr. Teſty "(continues my Lady-ſpouſe) if you mean to "expoſe yourſelf, Sir, and bring the ridicule "of the world upon your head, you take, Sir, "the very readieſt method."—"My head! "(ſays I) no, wife, it is you that is to place "the Ridicule there."—"Sir, (anſwered ſhe) "do you take me for a Woman of Quality?" —"No, Mrs. Teſty."—Then ſhe burſt into

tears; and I was obliged to drive off, and amuſe myſelf in going down the hill, with comparing the view of LONDON with the following whimſical deſcription of it.

Tot colles Romæ, quot ſunt ſpectacula Trojæ
Quæ ſeptem numero, digna labore tuo
Iſta manent Trojæ ſpectacula: Buſta, Gigantes,
Hiſtrio, Dementes, Struthiones, Urſa Leones.

I ſhall give you a tranſlation of the above lines when I have more leiſure: ſo, until that, Mr. Momus, I am your obedient ſervant,

TIM. TESTY.

NUMBER

NUMBER VII.

Veni Gotham, ubi multos,
Si non omnes, vidi ſtultos:
Nam ſcrutando reperi unam
Salientem contra lunam;
Alteram nitidam puellam
Offerentem porco ſellam.

Thence to Gotham, where, no zany,
Though not all fools, I ſaw many:
Here I found a harlot prancing,
And in moon-ſhine nimbly dancing:
There another full of gig,
Sat aſtride a filthy pig. ANON.

IT is difficult to define where the follies and the madneſs of this Age will end. I am almoſt weary of laughing; and the conſequence at length, I ſuppoſe, will be with me, as it is with the girls, that it will conclude in crying. There is no meridian to Folly now: it riſes higher and higher every day. Luxury, and the luxury of fornication and adultery, are now ſo ſeedy and ſo ripe, that if the ſeeds are ſuffered to be ſcattered, and propagate, the Devil muſt have us all at laſt.

This brings to my memory an obſervation made by an untutored Negro in the Weſt Indies, who, marvelling at the expences of his maſter cried out with ſome emotion,

" * *Buchra eat crab—crab eat Buchra, De-*
" *vil eat both.*"

Every man ſeems to outlive his income, from his Majeſty to his Majeſty's cobler in Cripplegate. The landed Gentlemen, to ſupport their dignity and expence, raiſe their rents upon their tenants; and the tenants, to pay them, raiſe the prices upon every commodity; ſo that every article in life becomes dearer, while money decreaſes in its value. This is ſo ſerious a matter, that I believe, in the end, it will make us all laugh on the wrong ſide of our mouths. It is no ſcandal now for any man, when a tradeſman brings in his bill, to ſay, " he has no " caſh." The tradeſman politely retires, knowing the circumſtance to be ſo univerſal, that he does not look upon it as a diſappointment, becauſe he was prepared for the anſwer: ſo that we ſhall certainly ſee, in the courſe of a

* To underſtand this proverbial ſaying it will be neceſſary to obſerve, that a White Man is called by the Negroes a Buchra; and the moſt luxurious diſh eat by the Creoles of the Leeward Iſles, is a ſoup made of land crabs; which crabs are beſt in all burying-grounds, where they feed upon the carcaſes, and burrow in the ground like rabbits; wherein they are taken in the night by nets and a light, to which they always repair.

dozen

dozen years, that this monſter of a Town will be abandoned, and all the Country Gentlemen will be under the obligation of living upon their eſtates, to nurſe them, or to ſtarve. Many regulations were expected to take place upon the meeting of this moſt immaculate and auguſt Parliament; but not finding any ſuch matter yet handled by the Senators of the Realm, I thought proper to pop in upon them in full debate, to look at their dignities and their manners.

I mounted into the Gallery, and ſeated myſelf fronting Sir Fletcher; who looked as ſurly and as ſour, as if he had been flogged by Lady N——n with a bunch of ſtinging-nettles before he came out. His wig did his head honour, and his voice was ſonorous; but it had no effect on the young Gentlemen, who looked as if they were juſt arrived in the Windſor ſtage from *Eaton*. Some of them were ſo refractory and ſo reſtleſs, that I ſhould have certainly thrown my wig at them, had I been in the Speaker's place; and then they had certainly been *ſub tegmine fagi*—or under a cloud. But they ſo bowed, and ſo ſcraped, and ſo laughed, that I could not conceive, for my ſoul, that this was the Senate-Houſe. I concluded I had made ſome miſtake, and had got into Weſtminſter School; only the decorum was not quite ſo great, nor the language of the Speakers ſo pure and claſſical.—Two Gentle-

men in black gave me much pleaſure; they were ſo active and ſo ſubtle, and backed ſo exceedingly well, that a coach-horſe was never ſo well broken in for the pole as they were for this ſervice. Beſides, their looſe black dreſs was ſo *wingiſh*, that they put me for ever in mind of the Devil in a puppet-ſhow. I thought they muſt have certainly practiſed under Mr. Hart, and they were finely ſituated to recommend their Maſter. In ſhort, they were the only people that I ſaw attentive; and their attention ſeemed to be entirely paid to—to Sir Fletcher's Wig. Now ceaſed my ſurpriſe.—I have no wonder now that the buſineſs is not done, and the Country is going to the Devil. I would juſt as ſoon truſt a pair of young geldings to the guidance of two Oxonians in a Phaeton, as the Kingdom to the management of ſuch puerile charioteers. It is a burleſque upon good ſenſe; and the Orators of the *Robin-Hood* are abſolutely ſteady Athenians to theſe *Areopagitæ* of the Commons.

Ye people of England, if you do not return men more manly to repreſent you in future; if you do not more prudently educate your ſons and daughters, and more cloſely confine your wives; believe me, countrymen, without one riſible diſtortion, that this Iſle is loſt to you, to fame, and to poſterity. Your P—t is corrupted; your daughters are ſeduced; your wives are debauched; you are in general cuckolds,

cuckolds, and as unlike your glorious forefathers, as they were unlike you. Reformation may be worked; if not, you will follow the ſons of Virtue—the contemptible ſons of Vice.

Hi didicere mori, diſcite morte ſequi.

And they are dead, and you muſt follow them.

NUMBER VIII.

You jig, you amble, and you liſp, and nick-name God's Creatures, and make your wantonneſs your ignorance.—I have heard of your painting too; God has given you one face, and you make yourſelf another.

SHAKESPEARE.

IT would be a charming inveſtigation of philoſophy, if the humours of *Momus* and *Foote* could ridicule the vices and follies of mankind ſo highly, that ſuch ſatirical humours might work a reformation in their manners. But I fear the depraved profligacy of the Age is ſuch, that the cat of nine tails and bread and water are more likely to ſucceed than laughing at their fopperies and fornications; though Mr. *Darley*, in his exhibition of Caricatura

prints, has in an amazing manner deſtroyed that feathered Monſter—MACARONI.

FASHION ſeems to be the general *parole* of all high-bred people.

The Mode ſhould all controul; nay, even paſſion,
Senſe, appetite, and all—give way to Faſhion.

And ſo minutely and ſo abſurdly do we adopt the humour of the times, that we riſe by Faſhion, ſleep by Faſhion, eat by Faſhion, drink by Faſhion, dreſs by Faſhion, pray by Faſhion, go to the ſkies by Faſhion, or by Faſhion go to the Devil.

Do you not ſee in every little circle of your friends and acquaintance, characters which are more or leſs proofs of my aſſertion? When it is the faſhion to wear high-heeled ſhoes, and the hair highly dreſſed in a tower; you ſee Miſs *Polly Pigmy* upon ſtilts, with a pyramid of artificial hair upon her head; ſo that the body of the little creature ſeems an ugly centre between two extended artificial extremes; and though ſhe diſcovers in front ſome ſigns of mortality, yet follow her, and ſhe ſeems a clouted compoſition of ſhreds and patches, and more calculated for the figure of a Puppet-ſhew, than to convince us ſhe is animated by the etherial heat of heaven.

Now

Now ſee the barber raiſe their heads on high,
As if the tower was meant to daſh the ſky;
With wool and hair, pomatum, powder too,
One little curl upon another grew,
'Till the poor thing out of proportion ſtands,
And cannot reach the turret with her hands;
She ſeems a Gianteſs—but look behind,
The duck-legg'd thing is of the Pigmy kind.

Again, we ſee the abſurdity of Faſhion purſued in another, who is the very reverſe of *Polly Pigmy*.

Miſs *Sally Straddle* is at leaſt ſix feet high; conſequently, the moſt cynical of my Readers will allow that ſhe is born to be a great Lady. But *Sally Straddle* is ſo attentive to the rules and mode of Faſhion, that ſhe forgets the ſublimity of her perſon, and adopts the very extremes of dreſs that poor little *Pigmy* did; ſo that, to follow this May-pole of a Lady, you are taught to believe it is ſomething out of nature, or that Doctor Hawkeſworth and the modern Mandevilles have imported the ſtraddling women of Patagonia, to convince us the narrative is not fabulous.

Perhaps a handſome woman, elegantly formed, genteel in perſon and addreſs, and of a middling ſtature, might have introduced this faſhion, and might have looked excellently well

in it: but when the faſhion is aped by the diminutive and the gigantic, it becomes ridiculous, and the wearers and adopters of ſuch whimſies are ridiculous alſo.

The preſent mode of dreſſing Ladies hair is thought to be becoming; and our Fops of Travel declare, that the Women of England are *immenſely* improved in their dreſs. This faſhion of hair-dreſſing was originally introduced at the Courts of France and Italy, and carried with it a dignity and an elegance becoming the ſuperb pageantry of a Court, wherein forms were only to be obſerved, and where Nature was to be thrown aſide; where the dowdy handmaid of health and virtue was to yield to the pallid cheeks of ſickly vice; where every thing was artifice and deceit; and where every thing ſhould appear what it was not.

In ſuch regal and diſtorted ſituations, where debaucheries had blanched the roſy cheek, and art and vermilion had ſupplied the loſs; where medicine and diſeaſe had robbed the head of its faireſt honours by making it bald; here did Art triumphant fix her coſmetic varniſhes; and with pomatums, wool, waſhes, paints, powder, and falſe hair, ſupply thoſe depredations which Intemperance had made. Here inventive Genius ſucceeded, and prolonged the reign of ſome drooping Beauty, who would have loſt her fame and her followers with the loſs of her eye-

eye-brows, had ſhe not called to her aid theſe auxiliaries of the toilette:

'This caſket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoiſe here and elephant unite,
Transformed to combs, the ſpeckl'd and the white.
Here files of pins extend their ſhining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, Billet-doux.

NECESSITY, the ingenious Mother of Invention, culled theſe different ſweets and ornaments to repair the ruins of Time. Inferior people in town and country, who had loſt beauties by ill-health, or late hours, next adopted the manners of their ſuperiors, to look as like them as they could; and the woman on whom Nature had been profuſe and laviſh in the fineſt natural colouring, to look like the woman of faſhion, blanches her roſy cheeks, and to the fineſt hair adds wool and greaſe, ſo that it looks more like a ſtone-wig upon a buſt in Weſtminſter-Abbey, than like real hair.

Beſides, this cuſtom is not only unnatural, but filthy in the higheſt degree: for women of fortune, who adopt it from neceſſity, keep hair-dreſſers to open their heads daily, and comb them through; whereas women of humbler conditions, who cannot afford two

ſhillings

ſhillings above once in the month for the opening of their heads, are obliged to have recourſe to *Stave's-acre*, to deſtroy the vermin which they periodically nurſe and breed. I ſee the Ladies of my acquaintance, whether it is a party of Tea or Quadrille, conſtantly drawing their large diamond or garnet pins from the fronts of their caps, and poking them into their head wherever it itches, in hopes of ſpitting ſome unlucky reſtleſs animal, which is ſtruggling through lumps of powder and pomatum to change his ſituation.

DULCIBELLA has, without exception, the fineſt hair of any woman exiſting; and yet ſhe has it ſo plaiſtered, pomatumed, and powdered, that it does not look a tittle better than any other woman's, who has only nine hairs on a ſide.

Now, if thoſe Ladies who have fine hair and elegant perſons, would only conſult their features, they would perceive the abſurdity of adopting one mode of hair-dreſſing for all faces; for what may ſuit well with a round face, may be diabolically ugly with a long one.

Beſides, thoſe who have flowing elegant locks, would do well to dreſs them in ſuch a manner as would beſt diſplay the length and the beauty of the hair, and not univerſally colour it with a white powder. The argument will hold equally good in Gardening: We

muſt

muſt aſſiſt Nature, and embelliſh and clean her, but not deſtroy her. This is happily verified by the moſt eminent Maſters, in their beſt compoſitions of painting, who never deſire to draw a man in a wig, or a woman in a formal-dreſſed head. The more natural and eaſy the poſition and order of the hair, the more elegant the picture. Therefore, what is moſt engaging when painted on canvaſs, is moſt natural in life, and conſequently more pleaſing to the beholder.

It is equally juſt in dreſs; for it is incompatible with reaſon and common ſenſe, that one cap, one hat, or one garment, can be equally ornamental to all perſons. I might with as much propriety argue for an univerſal melody of voice, and ſay or think that every woman ſhould ſing in public "*Little fooliſh fluttering* "*thing*," becauſe Mrs. Arne raviſhed us with her melody. Men and women, throughout the creation, are as different in mind and perſon, as they are different in their features; and we may as well expect that they will look equally well in the ſame form of dreſs, as that an old woman ſhall be as attractive as a young one.

I would therefore recommend to my Fair Countrywomen, to ſtudy the form of their perſons, and the nature of their complexions, in their dreſs.—Beautiful women add charms even to a beautiful perſon, by a well adapted ornament

ornament of veſtments: but when we ſee a poor, little, yellow, deformed pigmy covered with rich and ſuperb clothes, we marvel at the abſurdity, pity the folly of the creature, aſk if ſhe has no friends or adviſers, turn diſguſted upon our heels, and hum a ludicrous tune. In plain and neat apparel, ſuch an *Æſopa* had pleaſed us, and even encouraged us to converſe, in hopes of diſcovering ſome treaſure in the crooked mine; for we are not to judge of the keenneſs of the ſword by the appearance of the ſcabbard.

NUMBER IX.

Egnatius quod candidos habet dentes,
Renidet uſquequaque.

CATULLUS.

Egnatius is ſo frippery a Knight,
He always laughs—to ſhew his teeth are white.

ANON.

IT is hard to determine what Age was the moſt perfect in the Breed of Coxcombs, though every generation has gradually believed their own to be moſt ridiculous. Whatever were the Fops of former days it is impoſſible they could ever excel the Feather'd Gentlemen of

of the preſent Times, who are certainly much leſs than Woman in the ſhape of Man. The character of a Male Macarony is almoſt deſtroyed in Town; but in the Country Cities, I ſtill find the abſurd Animal countenanced; and more particularly in YORK than in any other place.

Whenever a young Man does one thing more abſurd than another, he pleads *Faſhion*, as a man of ſenſe quotes a learned author in defence of his argument. But FASHION is not, in reality, that deſtorted monſter which the whimſies and follies of theſe capricious Youths would make her. FASHION is a neceſſary aid to Buſineſs; for by changing the modes and colours of our garments, we give freſh ſinews to various branches of Trade; and by adopting a variety, we ſerve many manufactories. But the Fops and Flirts of the Beau Monde reduce Faſhion to a prepoſterous Hat, or a ridiculous Cap:

She gives a foreign air to Engliſh cloaths,
Fans to the Belles, and Glaſſes to the Beaux;
Gives to the Sword-hilt all its proper due,
Cocks to the Hat—and Buckles to the Shoe;
With happy ſkill new-models ev'ry toy,
And keeps poor *Pinchbeck*'s pate in full employ.

In

In this fine Age, each action is parade,
And ev'ry tradeſman bluſhes at his trade.

Faſhion is, without exception, the moſt fatal *ignis fatuus* of the eye that can poſſibly appear. ——It makes the old man put on falſe hair, and the young man paint: it ſends one to learn to hobble a Cotillon with *Hart*, and the other to draw on a Chicken-ſkin glove: it makes one prepoſterous and contemptible, and the other ridiculous and diſguſting.

It is aſtoniſhing to me, how all men can run after one mode of coat, or one cock of the hat. Nothing can ſo much declare an univerſal inſanity: for if men are willing to obtain any fame by a declaration of their knowledge in dreſs, let them ſhew that knowledge by ſuiting their clothes to their Perſons. When ſhort coats are the faſhion, we ſee a dapper fellow look ſmart and well in a dreſs of that cut, while a lank fellow of ſix feet high looks like a running footman. When ſmall hats are worn, we find men of thin ſhort viſages wear ſuch hats to advantage; but then fat fools will alſo adopt the faſhion; and you will ſee a pudding-faced fellow with an acre of face to a mole-hill of a hat; which looks like a dot of ink on a ſheet of writing paper.

But Faſhion is not confined partially to Dreſs; there is a mode of looking, ſpeaking, bowing, &c. and added to theſe modes, there

is

is alſo a mode of words peculiar to every ſeaſon, which are as current as any other ridiculous trifle retailed in Taviſtock-ſtreet.

The Beaux and Belles for a long time gave much countenance to the word *immenſe*, which was as general as Abſurdity and Ignorance could make it. Every thing was *immenſely* ſmall, and *immenſely* large; *immenſely* ſweet, and *immenſely* ſour; *immenſely* handſome, and *immenſely* ugly; *immenſely* wiſe, and *immenſely* dull: I have ſcarcely met with a word which received ſuch univerſal attention and application. But when I thought his reign firmly eſtabliſhed by Faſhion and Dulneſs, to my ſurpriſe he was dethroned by *monſtrous*; as, *monſtrous* little; *monſtrous* ſweet; *monſtrous* pretty; *monſtrous* thin; *monſtrous* coward; *monſtrous* amiable; *monſtrous* ſenſible; and *monſtrous* muſical. To remove ſo *monſtrous* an epithet was a *monſtrous* ſhame!——But the Houſes of Lords and Commons have done that in favour of a damned ſtaring, conſpicuous ſcoundrel of an *oſtenſible* nature. It is an *oſtenſible* horſe; an *oſtenſible* aſs; an *oſtenſible* recluſe; an *oſtenſible* maiden, and an *oſtenſible* cuckold. But this word did not long *obtain* with the mob, till others *militated* to the Bar, the pulpit and the toilette.

But the *ton* or faſhion is not even confined to ſpeech or dreſs, but our very appetites are ruled by Mode, and our very manner of feeding ourſelves. We once thought it decent to

uſe

uſe a knife and fork; and then becauſe it was like the French, we added a prong to our forks, and made it a convivial trident. And now the trident is a moſt neceſſary weapon; for a man who eats in the *ton*, never riſks his delicate mouth againſt the edge of a ſharp vulgar knife, but with his fork in one hand, and a bit of bread in the other, he ſops away with an air to the admiration of the Town and Country. —In ſhort, Faſhion does ſo faſcinate the mind and eye, that I ſhould not be ſurpriſed if the two ſexes were to go naked while the Dog-ſtar rages; for now it is the *faſhion* for every married lady to flirt and to pay attention to every man but her huſband.

London a fruitful ſoil! yet never bore
So plentiful a crop of horns before.

Faſhion, however, would never be a vice, if it did not ſerve to effeminate and mollify the manners of Youth and Age: but young men will ever launch into extremes; and rather than not be particular, they will be in the extreme of *abſurdity*.

Your veſts embroider'd with rich purple ſhine,
In ſloth you glory, and in dances join;
Ye Phrygians, to your *Dindymus* agen!
Go, leſs than women in the ſhape of men,
Go, mix with eunuchs!

Such

Such Coxcombs are the diſgrace of Britons, and rather ſeem to immitate the manners of women than riſe to the imitation of the vigour of men.

Painting in the women is a diabolical cuſtom, but in the men it is degrading beyond redemption; however, ſuch is the temper and the manners of our eſſenced Fops, that *Officers*—Things wearing red ſtocks and red coats—will talk of their Perfumers and their Milliners like puling girls: they will inform you who ſells the beſt *almond paſte*, and who makes the beſt lip-ſalve: in ſhort, they are in general not meant for the ſervice of Arms, but only paid by Government to amuſe the Belles of Quality about Court, and comb their lap-dogs: they are thoſe Monkies of Men who dare affront a Lady publickly, and dread the force of an ivory fan in the hand of a Man. Theſe are the Butterflies of the day—the Macaronies, the Savoir Vivres, and the Dilletanti!

I have often ſaid with the ſurly Philoſopher in his Tub, "If I was not DIOGENES, I "would wiſh to be ALEXANDER." That is, I believe that mankind in general would rather bear the ills they have, than change their corporeal condition with any other. Many may be enamoured with the life of a NARCISSUS of the *Foot-Guards*; but no perſon would ever ſink to an imitation of ſuch Triflers, who poſſeſſed ſenſe or manhood.

BILLY

BILLY DIMPLE is of the firſt crop of Coxcombs in this Age. He does not wear any thing like any other Beau of his ſtanding; all the Milliners, Perfumers, Taylors, Hatters, Hoſiers, and Shoemakers, whom he employs, are ſuperior to any other: nor will he give up the name of one of them on any account, leſt a rival Beau ſhould appear equally equipped. His horſe is the beſt in the world—ſo is his dog—and ſo is his whip. He always wears blue or green ſilk neckcloths—or red ſtocks. He is very fond of trinkets, and every thing is antique about him but himſelf. He is fond of the dead languages, particularly Greek; but he does not underſtand a ſyllable of it; yet *Billy* likes it for its ſonorouſneſs, and in a company of Ladies, or lady-ſoldiers, he will rumble a few thundering words over his tongue, to the admiration of the company, and the entertainment of his ſweet delightful ſelf. He will quarrel with a Lady for finding fault with his hair, or the ſmell of his pomatum; but he will tell a man calmly, if he ſpits in his face, "that he is a very ſatirical fellow." *Billy* has married lately, not to pleaſe himſelf or the fair creature he is married to, but to pay his ſmall debts: it is the *derniére reſſource* of a man of the mode, and the only alternative amongſt ſpendthrifts, but the highway:

MARRIAGE,

MARRIAGE, a ſacred law by Heav'n deſign'd
To be the firſt, true bleſſing of mankind;
To lead each genial rapture to the heart,
And be the quiver of Love's keeneſt dart;
The ſocial ſtate of ev'ry pleaſing praiſe;
The roſy Paradiſe of human days.
Such God ordain'd; and ſuch our parents knew,
When Love was mutual, and when Brides were true.
But Wedlock now is a convenience made;
A kind of dull, parental, Smithfield trade;
That vicious women may do what they pleaſe,
And glutton huſbands wallow at their eaſe:
'Tis now a lifeleſs ſtate without a zeſt;
A legal proſtitution at the beſt.

NUMBER X.

How happy is the harmleſs Country Maid,
Who rich by nature, ſcorns ſuperfluous aid!
Who free from ſtorms, which on the Great Ones fall,
Makes but few wiſhes, and enjoys them all.
No care but LOVE can diſcompoſe her breaſt,
Love, of all Cares, the ſweeteſt and the beſt.
ROSCOMMON.

ABSURD and prepoſterous cuſtoms amongſt our ſuperiors deſcend with tenfold ignominy and diſgrace upon the middling and

and lower claſſes of people. The painted Dutcheſs begets a painted Chamber-maid; and ſo, by gradation, every mode of vice is more or leſs adopted by the world. The French Ladies, who firſt introduced the cuſtom of painting the face into England, never did it profeſſedly to impoſe upon the eye; they only gave a ſtreak of bright-red, to add a brilliancy to the eyes.—The Engliſh Ladies have improved upon that cuſtom, and by painting, they mean entirely to deceive the gazer: for they do not give a ſtreak of red to enliven the eye, but they artfully blend the white and red to improve a yellow ſkin, and give artificial roſes to the cheek, where the roſes of Nature had long faded. It has been the cuſtom of Man, for time immemorial, rather to help Nature, than leave her in her rude native dreſs; and yet the natives of peculiar countries have ever been more abſurd and prepoſterous in painting, than in any other deteſtable cuſtom. The Chineſe paint of various colours; the Coromandel Indian paints his forehead in ſtreaks of white, red, and yellow; the Savages of America all daub their faces; the Indians of the laſt diſcovered Iſlands enamel in a moſt frightful manner; and yet cuſtom with theſe ignorant people, has eſtabliſhed this practice as neceſſary to beauty.

How ſuch enormous cuſtoms can be accounted beautiful or pleaſing even to a ſavage mind, is to me extraordinary, when All muſt acknowledge

ledge that Nature is moſt beautiful in her native ſtate of ſimplicity. And this is univerſally proved by the Debauchees of Quality, who forſake the artificial Dolls of a Court, and ſeek for the natural roſes of Rural Beauty: for nothing can appear ſo ſuperior, as the harmleſs unadorned Country Maid, when contraſted with the *tataowed* charms of a hackneyed Dame of Quality. Were the Ladies more regular in their hours, and leſs free with the pernicious waſhes and paints of Warren, Bailey, &c. and more conſtant in the uſe of fair water, they would bloom as long again, and be pleaſing to the laſt. But when I ſee the lovely CAROLINA, divinely formed by the hand of Jove, and beauteous as an Angel, painting thoſe charms to make them more charming; I grow vexed with Human Nature, and cenſure deeply the women, who can take ſuch ready methods to deface their Beauties and their Reputations. For when we break out in raptures upon ſeeing a fine woman, and then diſcover the vermilion cheat, we immediately turn away with contempt, and ſay, "*The Gypſy's painted.*" This proves to every ſenſible mind, that women who attempt to gain applauſe by Painting only, unfortunately ſink themſelves in the opinion of their admirers, when the impoſition is diſcovered. Beſides, even *rouge* itſelf, which the Belles plead is of the moſt harmleſs quality, is detrimental to the ſkin; it withers it, and makes

makes it wrinkled and ſallow; which to ſpeak phyſically, is occaſioned by its ſtopping the pores of perſpiration.

But if this Paint proves deſtructive to the Beauty, what muſt Liquid White be? Without doubt, a ſlow and certain death. And can my Countrywomen continue in a path which gains no fame, but which muſt bring on inevitable diſguſt, ruin, and diſtreſs?

IMBELLATTO was the Mother of children, of divine form, great good-nature, generoſity, ſenſe, and manners; but IMBELLATTO was alſo without Virtue; and when her charms appeared to fade in her glaſs, ſhe took every artful method to improve them. But in ſpite of all her labours, the ſtrong crimſon bluſh which for ever appeared upon the cheek of one of her ſervant maids, ſo hurt her mind, that for years ſhe envied the Virgin the bloom, and ſighed eternally to obtain it. She ſtudied to imitate it; but every effort proved in vain. BLOWZEBELLA was for years the Toaſt of the Village, and might have reigned to this period the object of adoration, had not the prying, envious and diſcontented ſpirit of her Miſtreſs diſcovered, after great vigilance, aſſiduity, and obſervation, that all the bloom of BLOWZEBELLA's cheeks was artfully made with a little ſimple *Beet root*. The diſcovery ſpread to every Church and Wake; BLOWZEBELLA was ſhunned by her admirers; and now with pallid cheeks,

cheeks, and diſregarded, milks her cow, and ſtands for hours at the churn without a civil ſpeech. I would not wiſh, that any fair young Damſel ſhould attempt to uſe this vegetable colouring, leſt the diſcovery of the impoſition may be as fatal as it was to the forſaken BLOWZEBELLA.

The Courtezans, who live and exiſt by outward appearances, for a moment allure a giddy Youth, or a doating Old Man, by this pernicious cuſtom. While their charms are diſplayed for ſale beneath a glimmering lamp, they attract the laſcivious eye: But where Diſeaſe and Intemperance have blanched the complexion, and neceſſity makes theſe unhappy women prowl for food, Paint is the only auxiliary they can call in to their aid to furbiſh up thoſe charms withered, faded, and deſtroyed.

It is not ſo, however, with the protected Virgin, and defended Dame: they have no occaſion to uſe theſe frippery arts to engage Admirers. Lovers will not flock to vermilion, nor do Huſbands require waſhes and pomatums to bird-lime their lips:

That lip, that cheek, by Man was never known;
Thoſe favours you beſtow are not your own:
Henceforth ſuch kiſſes I'll defy like thee,
Which WARREN ſells to you, and you to me.

E. T.

To ſhame ſome from practiſing this abominable cuſtom, and to deter others from embracing it, I am determined to diſtinguiſh thoſe Ladies who paint, under the title of the moſt *Eminent Painters of the Reign of George the Third.* And firſt, to convince the World that I mean to be ſerious, I publiſh the following perſons names as the moſt eminent Painters of this period.

THE MOST EMINENT PAINTERS OF THE AGE.

Lady Archer,	Miſs Weſt,
Capt. M—n,	Capt. P——n,
Capt H—k,	Mr. F—ll,
Miſs C— V—,	Miſs J— V—n,
Lady B— L—e,	Lady S—e,
Lady B——e,	Lady C—y.

Theſe I only give to ſhew, that I am reſolved to laugh and ſhame Vice out of countenance; and in ſpite of a regiment of Perfumers from Paris, I will ſave the ſweet faces of my dear bewitching Countrywomen.

A woman to whom Nature has been profuſely abundant in her gift of charms, ſmiles, dimples, and delights, is not content with theſe diſtinguiſhed marks of that provident patroneſs NATURE, but ſhe muſt abſurdly give into enormities, becauſe ſhe will ebb with the rapid ſtream

ſtream of Faſhion; which, like the tide of an overſwoln river, promiſcuouſly ſweeps down every thing with its current, hogs, dogs, men, women, puppies and potatoes.

When I recede to former ages, and take a retroſpective view of the manners and cuſtoms of the moſt elegant and moſt *faſhionable* Eaſtern Ladies, I do not find that they did in general launch into the paltry and deſtructive cuſtoms ſo inherent in the diſpoſitions of our modern Belles. And yet CLEOPATRA, who made uſe of every alluring art to ſeduce and attract her Lovers; who poſſeſſed the elegant movements of Mrs. GARRICK *(for no Man of Taſte who has ſeen the two figures, will give the preference to Madam* Heinell), the Beauties of all the STANHOPES, the Senſe of MONTAGUE and MACAULAY, the flaſhy Wit of Lady BRIDGET LANE, the Voice of the ſweet SHERIDAN, and the voluptuous and ſuperb Taſte of CORNELYS, was never accuſed of that *Indian ſavage* cuſtom of painting her face: and if ſhe had ever conceived that it would have added one charm to the many ſhe poſſeſſed, ſhe would certainly have made uſe of it, when ſhe contended with the cold heart and the ſtubborn manners of *Octavius*. For CLEOPATRA, like many of her ſex, was an arrant Jilt, an Hyæna. She had the paſſion of Variety about her as much as any Lady this Country has ever produced, or ſhe had ne-

ver left PTOLEMY for *Pompey*; POMPEY for *Cæſar*; and CÆSAR for ANTONY: nay, ſhe had alſo left *Antony* too, but ſhe found her charms had no effect on the heart of *Octavius*; and the diſagreeable alternative of gracing his triumphant Entry into Rome, was a circumſtance which the lofty pride of her heart and mind would not bear: therefore, rather than ſubmit to a humiliation of her character, ſhe ended her gilded and voluptuous Being. Dull and heavy ANTONY had no ſhare, no participation in her afflictions; tho' ſhe cautiouſly endeavoured to gloſs over her actions, and perſuade the World that ſhe died for the fate of her *ſleek-headed* Lover, and the ruin of his fortunes. This plauſible bait all Hiſtorians have ſwallowed; tho' it was palpably the pride of this elegant Gypſy only, which was deeply wounded at the cold indifference of that *Dutchman* OCTAVIUS. But to be ſure, any Soldier, poſſeſſing the paſſions of a well-bred Gentleman, would have never ſuffered ſo elegant a Dame to languiſh, and apply an Aſp to a breaſt which merited the warmth of a victor's hand.

From ſo elevated a pattern of Female Excellence and Taſte, I would wiſh the Ladies to copy; and not to adopt the frippery, daubing cuſtoms of the French, whoſe manners can never add any dignity to the charms of a lovely Engliſhwoman, who is formed by Nature ſuperior

perior to any other woman in any other climate.

——— more lovely fair
Than Wood-nymph, or the faireſt Goddeſs feign'd
Of *three*, that in mount IDA naked ſtrove.

N.

NUMBER XI.

Captain! *thou abominable, damn'd cheater! Art thou not aſhamed to be called* Captain? *If* Captains *were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you, before you have earned them? You a* Captain! *you ſlave, for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-houſe! A* Captain! *Theſe villains will make the word* Captain *odious; therefore* Captaints *had need look to it.*

SHAKESPEARE.

WHAT an excellent idea had the incomparable *Shakeſpeare* of the characters of mankind, when he could put ſuch proper phraſes into the mouth of his excellent *Doll Tearſheet*, who is upbraiding the puſillanimous *Piſtol* for preſuming to bear the honourable name of *Captain!* The name and character of

a *Captain* might be as much abuſed in his time, as it is at preſent; though there was formerly an honourable virtue about the natives of our Iſland which prevented the unmanly and moſt effeminate manners ſo prevalent at this period. The debaucheries of the Age ſo overwhelm our Young Men in expences, that after their fortunes are expended, they have recourſe to the moſt grovelling means and methods for exiſtence. We hardly ſee a poor Peer, or a debilitated Knight, without his *Toad-eater* and *Led-Captain*; a Thing devoted to ſmile when he ſmiles, laugh loud when he does, and entertain his gueſts by ſubmitting himſelf to be the butt and jeſt of his keeper. A *Led-Captain* in this ſituation becomes the ſpaniel of the houſe, and fetches and carries at the nod and beck of his maſter. He takes the bottle and gets drunk with his Maſter's gueſts, when he is unable to drink more: He alſo ſtays at home with his Miſtreſs when her huſband goes abroad; and if perchance ſome virtuous Ladies ſhould intrude occaſionally, the *Led-Captain* is ordered to attend Miſs to be out of the way.

It is not to be defined, or explained, what groupes there are of theſe *Led-Captains* in Town and Country, moſt of whom are different in their ſituations. Some are attendants upon ſuperannuated Widows; and though without any viſible appearance of fortune, yet with the Old Ladies purſes they make ſhift to belong to

to all the faſhionable Clubs, appear at all the Watering-places, ſubſcribe to the Opera, Cornellys', Almack's, &c. and are in dreſs, and ſtyle of character, the top and pinnacle of the *Ton*. And yet theſe flaſhy Gentlemen, perhaps, are only Half-pay Subalterns in the Army, notwithſtanding they make ſo dazzling an eclat. Such Herculean Drudges may be ſaid to draw their ſubſiſtence from their bodies, like ſpiders; and with propriety may be called *Drudging Captains*.

There is another kind of kept-Captains about London; a flaſhy, raw-boned, ſinewy ſet of fellows, who exiſt by living on poor unfortunate Courtezans. Theſe wretches not being wanting in thoſe accompliſhments which allure unthinking women, wriggle themſelves ſo thoroughly into the good graces of the poor dupes, that, like caterpillars, they never quit the vegetable until they have devoured it. In like manner theſe Raſcals pillage the unfortunate girls, and then leave them to debt, jails, miſery, ruin, diſeaſe and death.

I have another ſpecies of the Cockade to deſcribe, which is as dangerous as any. This is the *Hanger-on Captain*; a kind of creature who has travelled, learned French and Italian, kicked half-a-dozen Counts, killed his brace of Men, raviſhed a leaſh of Nuns, ſeduced a covey of Wives, pulled the noſes of their Huſbands for mentioning their own diſgraces, and

cheated every perſon at Cards that ever *honoured him* with an opportunity of playing. This motley creature is in general an Iriſhman, who diſtinguiſhes himſelf by ſome peculiar ſleeve to his coat, or other bagatelle. He has no other reſource but the bounty of his acquaintances, with whom he lives alternately, as their pockets can beſt afford; and when the finances of one fail, he goes to another. In return for their different bounties, he pandars for his Keepers, and upon all quarrels is a Second. He is treated by his Feeders with reſpect, and a deference upon all occaſions is paid to his opinion; for he commands more or leſs attention, according to the number of duels he has fought; and if he has killed his Man, or his Men, his character is reckoned eſtabliſhed as a moſt polite, valiant, ſenſible, lively, *honourable Scoundrel.*

Beſides this Character, we have another of a very different nature, which is the *Chip-in-porridge Captain.*—This is an animal of a moſt inoffenſive nature, who will ſay Yes or No, or both together, with any perſon who chuſes to uſe thoſe particles. He is a creature that ſticks like a burr; for *It* is ſo inoffenſive, and ſo yielding, and ſo complying, that *It* would diſarm a very brute of its ferocity. This Thing obtains the pity and the cenſure of every body. *It* is reſpected by Fools, and *It* is played upon by Wits. Like a walnut-tree,

It

It improves in its fruit by beating; for by being continually cudgelled by its protectors, *It* gleans ſome ſtraws of repartee and bon-mot, and *It* retails them out to its liſteners; for be aſſured of the fact, throughout this motley city, that even Shadows have their Shadows too.

By this group of apoſtates the Army and Navy are diſcredited; and under each of theſe names you have not leſs than ſome thouſands of individuals in this Country, who are a diſcredit to their Profeſſions, and a blot on the fair leaf of Society.

It may appear particular to the World, why I have pitched upon Men of Arms for theſe characters; but be it known, that Men in Buſineſs rather chuſe to purſue their occupations, and gain honeſt and comfortable livelihoods, than be beholden to any luxurious, purſe-proud 'Squire or Peer for ſuch favours; and therefore it is unfortunately the lot of Men of the Sword, who are indolent and poor, to be Pimps and Paraſites to dirty Lordlings. Would the Body of Officers in general take up the conducts of theſe male proſtitutes, they might be baniſhed both Army and Navy, and the reputation of the word *Captain* might be reſcued from contempt and obloquy. But it is now ſo thoroughly deſpiſed, from the mean and ignominious behaviour of many who have improperly aſſumed the title, that even, in deriſion

of the word, Carmen, Butchers, and Hackney-coachmen give the name in general to their Horſes and Dogs; which makes me agree with *Doll Tearſheet*, who humorouſly ſays, "*Theſe villains will make the word Captain odious.*"

In all ſervices and occupations there are deſerving Members; but *Captain* is a good travelling name; and every Snipper-ſnapper who can get half a yard of ribbon tied upon a girl's fingers, calls it a Cockade, himſelf Captain, and with a toaſting-iron at his ſide, ſtruts forth like a crow in a gutter.

Thoſe who aſſume the title before they have gained the rank by meritorious ſervices, are fond, ridiculous fops; and thoſe who give them the appellation are inconſiderate, vain fools.

I now beg of all my readers to attend to my catalogue, and compare the Captains of their acquaintance with it; by which means we may hope to cure ſome, and deter others from expoſing themſelves to the contempt of Senſe, Honour and Virtue.

The different Degrees of Led-Captains now beating up for Quarters in Town and Country:

The LED-CAPTAIN,
The DRUDGING-CAPTAIN,
The KEPT CAPTAIN,
The HANGER-ON CAPTAIN,

The

The CHIP-IN-PORRIDGE CAPTAIN, AND THE UNLED HONOURABLE CAPTAIN.

The *Honourable Captain* is one of the firſt Characters in life, as a member of Society, and a Servant of his Country. He is (or ought to be) a man of education and manners: cautious to offend, and afraid of being offended, he never gives an affront, nor ever puts up with one given to him; he is valiant and cool; warm to his friends, and violent againſt his foes in his Country's cauſe. In action cool and vigorous; if conquered, manly and reſigned; and when the conqueror, generous, humble, and humane. An *Honourable Captain* is a moſt glorious character, and many ſuch the King boaſts of in his pay.

N.

NUMBER XII.

Whoever treats the Ladies with reſpect, is deemed a novice, a knight-errant, one who has known Woman only in Romances. They judge ſo equitably of themſelves, that to honour them is to forfeit their eſteem; ſo that the principal requiſite in a Man of Gallantry is ſuperlative Impertinence.

KENRICK's ELOISA.

ROUSSEAU's deſcription of the Ladies of *Paris* is extremely juſt; for their exterior conduct in the *Beau Monde*, is all acted, forced, and unnatural. To ſee theſe accompliſhed Women in their proper colourings, you muſt dwell with them, and catch them when they return from the giddy purſuit of voluptuous pleaſure, when they immediately throw off the frippery of faſhion, and appear in their native ſimplicity, with the happy ornaments of an excellent education. They are juſt like the Dramatic Drudge, who, after aſſuming with much ſtudied fatigue ſome unnatural character, feels himſelf relieved, and happy to have an opportunity of ſinking into the eaſe of his native perſon. The Ladies of LONDON tread very faſt in the ridiculous ſteps of the Pariſian Belles;

Belles; ſo that no perſon can pretend to be a judge of any Lady's character by ſeeing and talking to her in public.

When I attended the Drawing-rooms of the French Ambaſſador laſt winter, I had an opportunity of obſerving this deception in its moſt glaring colours. To begin with the *Count*, who was the *Comus* of his own Court, I imagined him to be a true eſſenced Fop of Folly. Inſtead of that, the *Count De Guignes* is of a recluſe diſpoſition, loves privacy and retreat, and has a natural love and genius for all rural knowledge and contemplation. His Natural Character therefore is Paſtoral;—his Aſſumed Character, the Man of Court Buſineſs, and a Coxcomb. The amiable Lady C—n, who made ſo great a noiſe through the metropolis as a woman of fiery gallantry and *Cayenne* paſſions, is certainly, when out of the ring of Folly, naturally of a cold, domeſtic conſtitution.—I could enumerate a thouſand inſtances to verify and confirm my obſervations, but the following ſhall ſerve for the preſent.

Puella is handſome, well educated, and well dreſſed; and poſſeſſed of ſo many good qualities, that her own ſex ſpare no pains to traduce her. *Puella*, with the diſpoſition of an Angel, gives us reaſon to believe ſhe would wiſh to be thought the Woman of High Faſhion. The World have formed an idea from the exterior behaviour and appearance of *Puella*, that ſhe loves

loves Flirting and Coquetry; that her ſole ſtudy is the ornament of her perſon; that her pleaſures conſiſt in being admired in public places; that ſhe has no notion of *Wedlock* but what it will bring; and that a coach and ſix are the idols of her idolatry; that a Fop is her worſhip, and tittle-tattle nonſenſe her general converſation. Now, inſtead of having a trait of this colouring about her, ſhe is ſenſible and modeſt, good-natured and polite. A country life and a cottage, with a plain ſenſible man, are what ſhe covets, and what ſhe prefers to every thing gilded, gaudy, or giddy.—By this portrait we ſee, that *Puella* is not in reality the leaſt like the character the World believes her to be. She is, in a few words,

Compleatly elegant—compleatly fair,
She's Virtue's honour, and the Graces care.
Nay, we may ſing of her with the old ſong,
To think that a Beauty ſo gay,
So kind and ſo conſtant would prove,
To go clad like our Maidens in grey,
And live in a Cottage on Love.

Such is PUELLA; a jewel for every man to value, and a valuable friend to Society!

There ſeems to be an abſurd paſſion univerſally prevalent among Mankind; which is, to be always thought what they are not. The ſtate of Man appears to be a continual warfare againſt itſelf.——If Miſs *Kitty Ogle* has the ſweeteſt

ſweeteſt blue eyes, ſhe is hourly repining for *Polly Peacock*'s black ones. If *Miſs Jenkins* has the moſt beautiful auburn hair, ſhe dies with envy for the golden treſſes of *Charlotte Carrot*; and while *Di Giggle* poſſeſſes the moſt pleaſing aquiline noſe, ſhe laments the hook of it, and wiſhes to have the ſmart little turn-up noſe of *Maria Snivel*.

The Men are as ill-pleaſed with their perſons and geniuſes as the Women, and are ever ſtudious and deſirous to be thought what they really are not.——The young Merchant laments the drudgery of mercantile affairs, and thinks no life is ſo happy as the Player's. The Player damns his hard fortune, that dooms him to fret his hour upon the ſtage, and envies the ſnug retreat of the Country Gentleman. The Ruſtic 'Squire anxiouſly ſighs for the Town, and thinks the life of a Man of Faſhion one circle of an uninterrupted joy. The Soldier repines at the luxury and eaſe of a Parſon's life; and thinks with the Epicurean, *Nihil beatum, niſi quod quietum.* The Prieſt is fretful and peeviſh, deſpiſes the religion he profeſſes, condemns the abſurdity of form and decorum, and wiſhes to be the Layman, for an uninterrupted indulgence of the moſt debauched paſſions. Men of Genius, proficients in peculiar walks wherein Nature hath moſt bountifully beſtowed her aid, are equally ridiculous and extravagant. We had a ſtrong inſtance of this in the late

Mr. Hogarth,

Mr. Hogarth, who was the firſt rate Caricature Painter of his time; and yet he wanted to be thought a capital Portrait Painter, 'till Mr. Churchill ſeverely convinced him of his error:

" Doth SIGISMUNDA now devoted ſtand,
" The helpleſs victim of a Dauber's hand?"

In ſhort, it is with Men of Wit and Genius, as it is with beautiful Women: What they perfectly poſſeſs, goes for nothing; they want to be thought to poſſes what they have not: they know their weak ſide, and are very ſedulous to hide it.

Authors too, in this particular, are more outrageous than any other of the Genii: for altho' their ſtyles, their ſentiments, and manners, differ as much as their faces, yet they cannot even bear the idea of any other man gaining reputation by his productions. Doctor G-dſm-h is, without exception, unhappily ſingular in this: but what greatly extenuates and leſſens his fault, is, that he frankly owns, he cannot bear even the idea of any man doing any thing better than himſelf. But this fault is not with him confined ſolely to Literary matters; for if you ſay your ſhoes are well blacked, he will pettiſhly reply, " Sir, they are not ſo well " blacked as Doctor G—'s."——Great foibles are peculiar to Men of Genius, and yet they are more often adopted through affectation, than acted from any natural impulſe. N.

NUMBER

NUMBER XIII.

Ride, ſi ſapis ———— MARTIAL.
Laugh if you're wiſe.

BY ſome letters which have lately appeared againſt me, I begin to think my Readers do not underſtand me.

I am accuſed of not being dull enough: I really thought before this accuſation came in form before me, that there was no reaſon to complain on that ſcore!

One of my Readers has told me that *Homer* nodded, and that it is no diſgrace for me to nod alſo; that there is a knack and advantage in nodding; and that it is as difficult to be dull as it is to be witty.

I own I differ with my Reader here, and I think he has convinced me to the contrary with little trouble.

However, if I muſt be dull to pleaſe my Readers, I will try arduouſly to oblige them in this Paper; and if it fails of ſucceſs, let them remember that they brought this doſe of the ſyrup of poppies on themſelves.

I beg leave to tell my Readers, that I do not mean to make them laugh at every thing I write; I only mean to laugh at them in all my writings:

writings: and ſince that was the plan I ſet out upon, I am determined not to alter it, ſince I find it ſo very entertaining to myſelf.

Mr. Hobbes tells us, "The paſſion of "Laughter is nothing elſe but ſudden glory "ariſing from ſome ſudden conception of ſome "eminency in ourſelves by compariſon with "the infirmities of others, or with our own "formerly; for men laugh at the follies of "themſelves paſt, when they come ſuddenly "to remembrance."

Therefore, according to Hobbes, I have a right to laugh at the abſurdities of others, or at my own paſt follies, without informing any of my Dormouſe Readers of the occaſion of my riſibility.

All men have different humours and methods of diverting themſelves.—An old companion of mine—*I am ſilent*—who is famed for his taciturnity, uſed a very odd method to amuſe himſelf at our club, at the expence of all the members. Whenever he took his chair, he took his pipe; and after whiffing away two bowls of tobacco, he engroſſed a ſilver tankard of ale to himſelf, and without ever uttering a ſyllable he would ſet the whole club a-gaping, by opening the lid of the tankard, and yawning at the ſame time. This was the only pleaſure he enjoyed, and he purſued it undiſcovered by the reſt of the fraternity to his death.

Now

Now to oblige my friend *Torpedo*, I am attempting to practiſe the lifting of the tankard-lid upon him; but I fear I ſhall not be dull enough to open his mouth, unleſs I have a nutmeg'd ſop ready to regale it with.

I cannot help thinking but this advice, which is ſo humanely given me, has had the deſired ſucceſs with many others, particularly amongſt our Dramatic Writers; who, if they ſucceed upon the ſoporific plan, and ſet a whole audience to ſleep, pretend to be angry with their nap;—— and when they awake, ſwear they have been inſulted in their dreams.

I have not a doubt but this would have been the caſe at *Covent Garden Theatre* very ſoon; for the Boxes were latterly ſo unfrequented, that people came to them as they came to Church—to ſleep; which Mr. *Colman*'s vigilance diſcovering, he got *Macklin* to whizz his crackers and bludgeons about, to prevent a Lethargy coming upon the Audience; and politically damned an excellent Comedy of Dr. Kenrick's, only to rouſe the ſpirits of the Town, which were abſolutely buried in a profound ſomnolency.

It is the faſhion to be drowſy and heavy.—They ſay the diſeaſe began at Court; that his Majeſty takes his nap after dinner; and that, in imitation of him, his Pages ſleep before dinner, and after dinner too. You ſee there is no having enough of a good thing. This Royal

Lethargy

Lethargy has been communicated to the Miniſtry; and ſince the effect has taken place, *Tom Bradſhaw*, *Jerry Dyſon*, and *Lord North*, have never been awake ſince the Naval Review at Portſmouth; and tho' honeſt *Stephen Fox* went down on purpoſe to be rouſed by the cannon, I give you my honeſt word, that I ſaw him faſt aſleep in the public Coffee-houſe amidſt the crack of all the guns.

This ſleepy ſyſtem gains upon the Community prodigiouſly; and it is whiſpered, that his M—y has had a dream, in which it was artfully revealed to him that the beſt method to ſecure a profound peace, and to ſtill all clamour, was to chuſe his ſervants by their naps; and he that ſlept longeſt was to have the higheſt and moſt honourable poſt.

"Let me have men about me that are fat,
"Sleek-headed men, and ſuch as ſleep
a-nights."

In conſequence of this moſt ſalutary dream, the Courtiers are now practiſing for poſts and ſinecures. This ſyſtem promiſes great quiet to all parties: Faction will be lulled thereby, and Remonſtrances and Addreſſes will be ineffectual.—The Biſhop of G— has prepared a heavy ſermon on the occaſion, and all the domeſtic Chaplains are ordered to begin Morning Prayer with— "Peace be to this Houſe, and all that "dwell in it."

An

An extraordinary number of Cradles are beſpoke for the uſe of the Court, to *rock* thoſe to ſleep whoſe conſciences may be a little agitated. Opium hath already riſen cent. per cent. and Coffee hath fallen in proportion. Lords *Clive* and *Holland* have given up all pretenſions to a place; and *Jack Wilkes* would try at a nap, if they would admit of a dog-ſleep; but he can't venture to ſhut both eyes, leſt Parſon *Horne* ſhould ſerve him the trick which Ulyſſes practiſed on Polyphemus, and thruſt out his vigilant ſquinter with a factious faggot-ſtick of Brentford.

The Ladies are not a little pleaſed at the prevalency of this diſorder, particularly the City Dames, as their ſnoring Huſbands will furniſh them with charming opportunities to intrigue with the *Smarts* awake.

I hope I have in every reſpect dozed away theſe pages to the ſatisfaction of *Torpedo*, who has the very quality of the fiſh he calls himſelf after; for when it bites, or takes the fiſherman's bait, it communicates its natural quality along the line and fiſhing-rod, 'till it comes to the Fiſherman's hands, and ſo benumbs his arm that he cannot ſtir it; and then ſtupifies his ſenſes by communicating itſelf to the brain.—Thus am I benumbed by reading and touching the pages of *Torpedo*; and I hope entirely to his ſatisfaction: for I would wiſh to pleaſe my very Readers in my dreams, and be as dull as

the

the dulleſt; for the progreſs of this ſomnific diſeaſe is ſo rapid, that if the *Whigs* don't mind their look-out, they will be all buried in one general ſleep, and the *Tories* will take care that nothing ſhall wake them but the laſt Trumpet.

"*Torpore torpedines ſe tutantur.*"

CICERO.

NUMBER XIV.

Who ſmooth of Tongue, in purpoſe inſincere,
Hides Fraud in Smiles.————

POPE.

I HAVE been publicly accuſed of being too witty and too lively. I own it was the laſt accuſation that I ever expected would have been brought againſt me; and yet, ſuppoſing it to be true, it was not being very exorbitant, or redundant, when it only happened once a month. However, I am now determined to pleaſe in a Lachrymal ſtrain; for which purpoſe I have bought the old celebrated Ballad of the *Babes in the Wood*. There is ſomething ſo intereſting in the Hiſtory of the *Children of the Wood*, that there is hardly a perſon who has

read

read that excellent little Poem, who has not been more or leſs pleaſed and affected; and ſo much has it weighed in general upon the minds of people, that the *Robin-red-breaſt*, from the fabulous charity allowed him of covering their dead bodies, is become the moſt ſacred character of the Feathered Creation: though, without exception, it is the moſt ſpiteful and revengeful little animal amongſt the ſpecies of Birds. I would not wiſh by this diſcourſe to hurt the little *Robin* with his friendly aſſociate, Man—becauſe he is a domeſtic creature; and his ſoft twitter in the rains and bleakeſt ſeaſons deſerves ſo much Man's attention and cheriſhing, that I would not deſire to explain away his worth and domeſtic virtues. However, it is to this excellent Old Ballad that *Cock-Robin* owes ſome part of his conſequence; and whoever the Poet was, it was a fiction natural, pleaſing, rural, and picturesque.

At ſo late a date as this, it would be an impoſſible and an impracticable ſearch to attempt a diſcovery of the Author; but if any Readers of this Work will favour the Editor, he will be highly obliged to them for any lights which they can throw upon this elegant little Elegy.

The Poem was written upon the cruel Murder of two Infants, by an inhuman Uncle, to poſſeſs their fortunes; and as the melancholy cataſtrophe happened in the County of Norfolk,

folk, perhaps in ſome deſcription thereof the particulars might be diſcovered on which this Ballad is founded.

The Guardian, in one of his Numbers, takes ſome notice of this Tale, and allows much merit to the ſimplicity of the Poeſy: tho' he has not dwelt thereon ſo much as the beauties of the Piece demanded.

From many circumſtances, I do imagine this Ballad-Elegy was written in the reign of *Richard the Firſt*, in 1195. But the idea, indeed, is more conjectural than real.

However, it ſtill ſerves for an excellent Moral; nor can the hardeſt hearts read it without emotion.

The Addreſs to Parents in general has ſuch a pathetic ſimplicity in it, that it is not poſſible to repeat theſe lines without a ſingular pleaſure.

Now ponder well, ye Parents dear,
  Theſe words which I ſhall write;
A doleful Story ye ſhall hear,
  In time brought forth to light.
A Gentleman of good account
  In Norfolk dwelt of late,
Who did in honour far ſurmount
  Moſt men of his eſtate.

The ſtanzas above are all regular, and the rhimes pure and chaſte. The following deſcription

ſcription of the Conjugal Harmony of this Bedſick Pair is worthy the attention of the Folks of this day:

No Love between theſe two was loſt,
Each was to t'other kind:
In love they liv'd—in love they died,
And left two Babes behind.

The following ſtanzas are not ſo correct in either metre or rhime: tho', had I the Old Copy*, I do not doubt but I ſhould find the Old Engliſh more perfect; for our Printers, by attempting to modernize it, have mutilated the Work.

Nor dare I attempt an alteration of ſo great a piece of Antiquity.

The deſcription of the Children is natural and ſweet.

The one a fine and pretty Boy,
Not paſſing five years old;
T'other, a Girl more young than he,
And *fram'd in Beauty's mould.*

The Father making his Will, and leaving the Babes and their Fortunes to his Brother's

* The Editor will thank any Gentleman for an Old Copy of this Poem, or any lights upon it.

protection, is ſimply told; and the Mother's laſt words are tender and maternal.

And thus beſpoke the Mother dear,
" O Brother kind, (quoth ſhe)
" You are the Man muſt bring our Babes
" To wealth or miſery!"

The death-bed parting of the Parents and their Children is very pathetic.

With lips as cold as any ſtone,
They kiſs'd their Children ſmall:
" God bleſs you both our Children dear;"
Then down the tears did fall!

The oaths and promiſes of the Uncle are natural on the occaſion: and his hiring of the Murderers is ſtrongly marked.

He bargain'd with two Ruffians ſtrong,
Who were of furious mood,
That they ſhould take theſe Children fair,
And ſlay them in a wood.

The idea of ſending them to London to deceive his own family, and amuſe their infant minds more readily to embrace the departure, is very natural.

Away

Away then went theſe pretty Babes,
Rejoicing at that tide;
Rejoicing with a merry mood,
They ſhould on horſeback ride!

The interpoſition of Providence, making the Ruffians quarrel and fight, and the man of the meekeſt diſpoſition ſlaying the other, is happily introduced.—Their innocence and ſweetneſs of diſpoſition working on the brutality of his nature, that he could not murder them, is finely fancied. His leading them into the wood, and to appeaſe them, telling them he was gone to Town to fetch them bread;—and their eating of berries, and crying at the approach of night, is a pleaſing melancholy image finely drawn.

Their pretty lips with Black-berries
Were all beſmear'd and dy'd;
And when they ſaw the darkſome night,
They ſat them down, and cry'd.
Thus wander'd theſe two Babies dear,
'Till Death did end their grief:
In one another's arms they died,
As Babes wanting relief.

The following beautiful image has always been acknowledged:—nor has an Infant ever read it, that it did not make an impreſſion on its mind.

No Burial theſe two pretty Babes
Of any Man receives;
'Till *Robin-red-breaſts* painfully
Did cover them with leaves.

Here *painfully* moſt happily expreſſes the arduous taſk of the Birds covering over the dead Bodies.

The diſcovery of the Murder, and the trouble of a perturbed Conſcience, concludes this little Elegy, with a moral advice to all thoſe who are left Guardians to the Orphan; which is one of the firſt and greateſt charges of this life;—and alas! a charge which is too often abuſed.

You that Executors be made,
And overſeers eke,
Of Children that be fatherleſs,
And Infants mild and meek;
Take you example by this deed,
And yield to each his right;
Leſt God, for ſuch-like Cruelty,
Your wicked minds requite.

NUMBER XV.

——— and he whoſe mind
Is virtuous, is alone of noble kind.
DRYDEN.

I COULD not forbear laughing immoderately the other day, when I had a viſit to pay to a certain unpopular Miniſter, who not being in the way, the Servant aſked me, if I would ſee his *Gentleman*. I was ſurpriſed at the queſtion, and immediately acquieſced; but more out of curioſity to ſee my Lord's *Gentleman*, than any thing elſe.

When this Apology for Manhood appeared, I was aſtoniſhed. A fellow advanced in ſome of his Lordſhip's cloaths, who looked like a meagre Devil that had juſt done penance, or a Bird delivered from a jail by an Inſolvent Act; or like *Charles Jenkinſon* in his morning flannels.—He had a comb in his hair to denote his occupation, and in ſome contemptible bad Engliſh informed me, that his Lordſhip was *not viſible*.

I revolved in my mind over and over again, his *Lordſhip's Gentleman!* aſtoniſhed at the phraſe, to think that any man ſhould give another a name to which he never aſcended himſelf.

ſelf. His Lordſhip is a man of great eſtate, and hath alſo rank in life; but ſtill his Lordſhip hath not a trait of the *Gentleman* in his nature. Coblers may be *Gentlemen* by Nature, when even the cryſtal Circle of a Court cannot make one of a *King*.

I do not know a Prince in Europe who is a *Gentleman*. The *French King* by his preſence would almoſt perſuade you to think ſo; and yet by his daily actions he convinces you that he is not one.

The *King of Spain* is a fool; conſequently, not a *Gentleman*. The *King of Pruſſia* is a mercenary ſavage Warrior, and therefore not a *Gentleman*. The diſcarded, baniſhed *Paoli*, who now *Stoops to Conquer with Doctor Goldſmith*, amongſt the Tabbies on Richmond Hill, is no *Gentleman*; for a Man who could ſuffer a glorious People to be ruined, without heading them himſelf, and ſtriking a blow; who could ſuffer his brother *Clement* to fight his Battles, and yet meanly arrogate to himſelf the fame of them; who could win the petty opinion of the vain and ignorant *James Boſwell* to *tataow* his character, and then fly from his people in a puſillanimous manner, ignobly take a penſion of One Thouſand per annum at the hands of the Engliſh Miniſtry, and refuſe to viſit that amiable and glorious Daughter of Liberty, Mrs. MACAULAY, for fear of offending the narrow mind of a Britiſh King, is no *Gentleman*.

man. The *King of the Danes* is a very poor *Gentleman*—The *King of the Swedes* is a very uncertain Character; and when all is ſaid (and the Pope excepted), I don't know but the *Empreſs of Ruſſia* may be more of a *Gentleman* than all the crown'd Heads in Europe.

Now it is natural to ſuppoſe, that I will praiſe my own Monarch, and allow him every Gentlemanlike Virtue: but being a Philoſopher, I cannot let my civility run away with my good ſenſe; and when I recollect the duplicity of the Prince in all his behaviour, and the company he keeps, ſuch as *Pinchbeck*, ****, *P*****, *R*****, *T*****, and the dreadful end of the great late Chancellor York, I cannot allow him the character of a *Gentleman*. To his Grandfather I give every honour; and I believe there are very few of his *Engliſh* ſubjects, who will not allow him to have been the *Gentleman* and the *Soldier*.

Kings and Princes are but Men, and few amongſt them are *Gentlemen*. There is an innate virtuous ſpirit of manners about a real *Gentleman*, which no education can give. It is the very topmoſt dignity of Human Nature, and falls to the ſhare of very few. The Man, who earns his bread by the ſweat of his brow, uneducated and untutored, may be the *Gentleman*; while the ſilken, twadry fops of the *Savoir Vivre*, with the advantages of Education, ſhall only be unprincipled Coxcombs. Some

think the Dancing-ſchool is the moſt ready method to form a *Gentleman*; or a trip to France. I have ſeen many dance with eaſe and grace, who were not *Gentlemen*; and the travell'd Fop, in general, returns ſo truly ridiculous, that inſtead of mending his manners, he only picks up the frippery of every fop he meets, and adds his feathers to the many he has already borrowed of the other *Gallic* Peacocks.

A compleat *Gentleman* is the firſt character of Nature. It is not the Courtier that makes one; though many think that Titles and Dreſs qualify a man for the character: thoſe who reaſon ſo, know little of that which belongs to the compoſition of a *Gentleman.*—A *Gentleman* muſt have the baſis of his character formed in Nature; and then, if to a complacency of manners, a ſweetneſs of diſpoſition, a lively genius, integrity of heart, elegance of form, be added a good education; ſuch a perſon bids fair to arrive at the character. A *Gentleman* cannot do a mean or a bad thing: he cannot traduce his neighbours, or tell a falſity; it is that part about our compoſitions which ariſes neareſt to Angel, and which ſo largely diſtinguiſhes us from the loweſt level of our ſpecies.

Kings are often not *Gentlemen*, while Peaſants are ſo. *Harry* VIII. of England was a Monſter, while his divine ſubject Mr. SHAKESPEARE was a perfect and compleat Gentleman.

man. SHAKESPEARE was a Glaſs, wherein all might ſee ſuch juſt perfection, as to make their copies from him: by him they might dreſs themſelves; he was a pattern to mankind; a mirrour to Manhood.

Charles Stuart the Firſt, who moſt juſtly loſt his head for a duplicity of character; who amidſt prayer and penance would lye; and while ſoothing his ſubjects with a moſt voluble plauſibility, took up arms to cut their throats — he could be no *Gentleman*. And yet Mr. MILTON, who was his Latin Secretary, was ſo perfectly ſo, that I may ſay he challenged all Nature to match him; which made an Italian Nobleman ſay to him upon his travels, that he was not an Engliſhman, but an Angel in his mien and manners.

Ut mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, ſi pietas ſic,
Non Anglus, verùm herclè Angelus ipſe fores.

The preſent King of France has condeſcended to ſay, that the honourable *Auguſtus Hervey* was the compleateſt Engliſh Gentleman at his Court. I do not mean to extenuate Mr. *Hervey*'s qualities; but as a Philoſopher, I have a right to doubt the judgment of the French King. It is Virtue joined to the moſt refined Manners which conſtitutes the Gentleman. The young Men of this Age entirely miſtake the character: they emptily think, that it conſiſts

ſiſts in flutter, dreſs, and grimace, or riding a horſe full gallop through the ſtreets to pay morning viſits. Alas! ye Tulips of the Day, ye are miſtaken. It is Honour, godlike Honour, that ſtamps alone the heavenly character,—ſuch a character as Engliſhmen alone ſhould ſtudy to cheriſh and preſerve. The Education which we formerly gave our Children formed their minds to dignity and virtue; it was ſolid and claſſical: but now, it is empty, light, ſummer learning; more calculated for the manners of Valets than *Gentlemen*. Our *Valets* and *Gentlemen* are much the ſame; it is difficult to diſtinguiſh them: and ſince their dreſs and manners are much alike, they have changed names and characters, like *Aimwell* and *Archer*; and it is now a difficult matter to know My Lord from his ſcoundrel of a *Gentleman*, and his *Gentleman* from a ſcoundrel of a Lord. N.

NUMBER XVI.

IT has been already obſerved, that if a man were to continue laughing at every folly or exceſs he ſees, he would certainly have little elſe to do all his life. Every day confirms me more in this opinion; as every day preſents more follies to my view, and, what is worſe! diſcovers

diſcovers in the culprits a diſpoſition to perſevere in them.

But what abſurdity is there that habit will not confirm, or cuſtom and the faſhion of the times ſupport? Yet ſhould we look back to the cuſtoms and faſhions of the ſame people a century or two ago, how different ſhould we find them from thoſe of the preſent times! how oppoſite and contradictory!—As to the good people of this Iſland, the turn of their minds ſeems to be almoſt as much altered as the cut of their cloaths; the faſhions even of their virtues and vices are changed: the former are, indeed, refined upon, but, I fear, to little advantage; and in ſpite of the flimſy ornaments that men would tack to them, are apparently the worſe for wear, if one may be allowed the expreſſion. Their vices and follies have likewiſe undergone a degree of alteration, which in many reſpects ſeems to be a refinement upon wickedneſs and abſurdity.

Should Momus mention the monſtrous vices which prevail in this great Metropolis, Satire herſelf would ſtartle at them: ſome have been already noticed, whilſt others require the pen of a Perſius, rather than a Momus, to correct them. It is his intention at preſent to aim at exceſſes in their firſt origin much leſs atrocious, but which in the end, if not properly checked, may increaſe to a gigantic ſize; for ſuch is the nature of Habits, which encouraged

raged grow every hour, and at length bear down the force of Reaſon, and of Virtue itſelf, before them.

It is on this very account that an endeavour to laugh men out of their exceſſes is moſt peculiarly laudable, and generally ſucceſsful. The rigid precepts of Moraliſts are ſeldom ſo well received.

——————" *Ridiculum acri*
" *Fortius ac melius*"——————

ſays the Roman Satiriſt; and our own Pope has no leſs juſtly obſerved upon Enormities, which are

" Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit, and the
" Throne,
" But aw'd by ſacred Ridicule alone!"

It is on this plan that the Comic Muſe has ſo often and ſo ſucceſsfully tried her efforts, and preſented her mirrour, the mirrour of Truth, to Vice, Folly, and Affectation; inflicting her ſevereſt laſhes with ſmiles, and pleaſing while ſhe wounds.—If her excellent qualities have ſometimes been abuſed, it has been rather owing to the vitiated Taſte of the Town, than to the ill tendency of the Muſe: and here, as in moſt other things of the kind, falſe Taſte has prevailed

prevailed over every other conſideration, and even gone ſo far as to turn good into evil.

However, where this is not the caſe, it is with the greateſt pleaſure that we ſee genuine Satire encouraged, or the *Taſte*, as well as a poignant method of reprehenſion, which ſeldom fails of being really ſerviceable to the Community.

There are, indeed, many arguments which militate againſt the mode of expoſing *particular perſons*, as ſuch, upon the ſtage; and moſt of them appear to be valid: as a proof of which, how many living inſtances do we ſee of people who have been more than once on the Theatres, who knew it too, and have yet perſiſted in their extravagancies!

One of theſe characters is *Beau Bell*, whoſe follies in every ſtage of life have rendered him an object of pity to his friends and relations, and of ridicule and contempt to ſtrangers.

If a Coquette among the women is a moſt ridiculous and juſtly reprehenſible character, ſurely a Male Coquette is infinitely more diſguſting; yet this is the character of *Beau Bell*. In his youth he gave himſelf all the affected airs of a vain young Female: he was at all times on the watch to catch the women in his ſnares; though, to ſay the truth, he was more innocent than he meant to be, for he had but little ſucceſs; that little, however, he conſtantly abuſed:—and thus he trifled on the firſt years of

of his life, acting up to the Female Character in the Beggar's Opera—

"Pleas'd to ruin,
"Others wooing,
"Never conſtant in his own."

Love, properly ſo called, was certainly a ſtranger in his breaſt; and he ſeemed to look upon the moſt beautiful part of the Creation as mere toys, created only for his amuſement. But while he was thus diverting himſelf, age ſtole upon him inſenſibly, and he began to feel the want of thoſe ſocial pleaſures which he had ſlighted; yet prejudices too ſtrong for Reaſon, prevented, and will ſtill prevent him from acknowledging, or even endeavouring to reform his error; and he at this time exhibits in his perſon the portrait of an old battered Beau, practiſing the ſelf-ſame airs as ever, which, from *diſguiſing*, are now become *deteſtable*, and render him infinitely more the contempt of the World than ever.

Such is *Beau Bell*; yet though he is ſingular in the lengths to which he has carried this character, yet he is by no means ſo in the adoption of it. Contempt is the leaſt puniſhment that ſuch men can juſtly expect to receive; and they ſeldom fail to meet with it, however exalted their ſtation in life may be, at the hands

of

of the impartial Public, from whoſe tribunal there is no appeal.

If theſe are not ſubjects of Laughter, it will be hard to ſay what are; yet how happy might we be to find that thoſe, and ſome others which have been already mentioned, were the only follies remaining to be corrected in this our Age; but alas! quite the contrary is the caſe:——Their name is LEGION; and it is to be feared, little leſs than a miracle will caſt them out from our ſhores; though it is certain that they may be checked and kept under by the Critics, and, in a great meaſure, prevented from diffuſing their influence where they have not already too far prevailed.

Triflers, who doat upon baubles more than their wives, in town; Fox-hunters, who are fond of their hounds, in the country; Ladies who prefer their lap-dogs to their huſbands; and wretched Indifferents who love nobody but themſelves;—all theſe are characters too frequent amongſt us; and yet, though I have not room here to particularize them, not one of them ſhall eſcape the laſh while Momus can wield a pen, or point his impartial ſatire againſt them.

But what will the world think—what will the Reader think of a Noble Character, (if ſuch he may be juſtly called) now paſt the "hey day of the paſſions," and on the verge of declining years — what will they think of ſuch

ſuch an one giving himſelf up to folly and to vice, and even ſcorning the beaten path, in order to run into uncommon exceſſes?

This *illuſtrious* perſonage has a Lady who is ſome ten years younger than himſelf, ſtill in the prime of life, and in the bloom of beauty; and who has brought him a fine child, who is to be heir to his eſtate (it is to be hoped not to his follies).——But her huſband cannot reliſh her; —he muſt go abroad to ſeek freſh intrigues; and yet amongſt all theſe, from the looſe Woman of Quality down to the Derep, or profeſſed votary of Venus, alas! few, very few, of them can pleaſe him.—In the very embraces of full-blown Beauty, he pines; he languiſhes in the midſt of enjoyment.—A kind miſtreſs, a too obedient and eaſy wife complete his pleaſures, and ſooth all his cares —— what then can he want?—Why he ſighs only for—a virgin *twelve years old.*

Thus do Mens follies ſtill run on, degenerating into vices, nor ſtop at laſt at the greateſt enormities.—Are we not then juſtified in checking by every means the former in their firſt dawnings, leſt they ſhould, at length, grow up into the latter; and thus, at laſt, be bold enough even to defy our chaſtiſements?

It may not, perhaps, be amiſs to obſerve here, that as the greateſt evils ariſe from ſmall beginnings, ſo it is likewiſe true, that from a wrong turn of mind encouraged in youth, and ripened

ripened into what is afterwards called Taſte, ariſe many of the vices and abſurdities at this day complained of.—How careful, therefore, ought Parents to be, that they do not by their bad conduct expoſe their Children to hatred or to ridicule!—The different biaſſes which Mankind incline to in early youth, greatly reſemble lines ſtruck out from a central point, whoſe variation is at firſt inſenſible, but which, when they arrive at the circumference, differ in the moſt extreme degree.—The application of this may be conſidered as more than a ſimile.—If it were properly attended to, there would not be ſo many ſubjects for Satire in the world; we ſhould not have ſo much to deteſt, nor to laugh at, but more to reſpect and admire.

NUMBER XVII.

Olim jure quidem, nunc plus Democrite ride:
Quin rides? Vita hæc nunc magè ridicula eſt.

DEMOCRITUS did well to laugh of yore,
Good cauſe he had; but now, much more:
This life of ours is more abſurd
Than that of his, or long before. ANON.

HA, ha, ha, ha! We never had, to be ſure, ſuch high cauſe for laughter as now;—there never was ſo many fools and madmen

men at one period!—The whole world now plays the fool!—That old theatre has new ſcenes daily; a new company of frantic players, who perform madly the comedy of Errors. How old Democritus would grin to ſee the new fangled follies of this monſtrous Town; wherein all characters change dreſſes and profeſſions. He that was a player to-day, is a doctor and a bookſeller to-morrow. He that was a tapſter yeſterday, is a Lord of Admiralty to-day. He that was a debauchee, is now a fanatic. He that was a ſpendthrift, is a patriot. A mariner is the only character that in ſome ſmall degree maintains his poſt and watch;—and yet too with them the ſhrouds of vigour and reaſon give way--and they turn ſtock-jobbers — philoſophers — fiddlers — and fools. A very king now with his robes, his ſcepter, his crown, his pages, his ſpeeches, his riches, his miniſters, and his guards, is little better than a jackdaw in the feathered trappings of a peacock. Zounds, we have enough now to drive all Philoſophy mad! Vice was ever as predominant as it is now—but there never was ſuch a flood, ſuch a deluge of FOLLY as at this ſpring-tide. See, ſee, ſee, theſe new and old characters new dreſs'd in different vizards! *Maccaronies, Scavoir Vivres, Dilletanti, Cognoſcenti, Anticopians!*—Whifflers, maſkers, aſſes, mules, peacocks, owls, bats and butterflies; mummers, gulls, pigeons, puppets, monſters;

ſhadows

ſhadows all!—Here, here, here again! Coquettes, flirts, harlots, adultereſſes, tulips, pinks, roſes, lilies, violets, wormwood, fennel, and hemlock! Unnatural, unnatural, unnatural! *Tommies, Tommies, Tommies!*—Women kiſſing women; doating, languiſhing, dying, pining, crying, caterwauling, for each other! Ha, ha, ha! O the madneſs of this age! That ſatirical Roman JUVENAL thought in his time, that all vice and folly were at full ſea—*Omne in præcipiti vitium ſtetit.* Juvenal is miſtaken; we beat all the antients; nay the very Jews, who bragged of their vices and villanies.—In ſome things, this mighty whiſking world doth alter daily. Old *Petrarch* has ſaid, we change our languages, habits, cuſtoms, laws, tenets, manners, and religions; but we do not alter our vices or diſeaſes; they are ſtill the ſame, and ever flow——

Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

Nature, in other reſpects, keeps on her jog-trot. There are no innovations amongſt the inſtinct part of her formation: birds ſing, cocks crow, aſſes bray, and horſes neigh in the old primitive way; but our humours and inclinations hold, and abſurdity is handed down from father to ſon:

Et nati natorum, et qui naſcuntur ab illis.

All

All is wanton and wicked!—It were well did it ſtop here;—but the filthy crimes and turpitudes of other countries we import wholeſale here, and retail them at large.

Lady *Sappho*, of *Leſbos*, is accuſed of being the introducer of this faſhion, this unnatural paſſion, this cheeſe and cheeſe love; and that ſhe took it up after being deſerted by that Maccaroni of *Mytelene*, *Phaon*.—Ha, ha, ha! The ſenſible *Sappho* guilty of this? I deny it; I pronounce againſt it; that a woman ſo ſenſible, ſo refined in her feelings, could take up with the chuck of a girl even after the deſertion of the ungrateful *Phaon*. It is inconſiſtent and abſurd, to think ſhe had thrown herſelf from the *Leucadian* rock, if a puling green girl could have amuſed her fancies! Hence, ye reptiles, nor quote ſuch ſacred and dignified characters to countenance ſuch horrid, ſuch unnatural crimes and vices. WOMAN love WOMAN!—Dog eat dog!—Man follow man!—O the curſe of the day! the libidinous luſt of nature!

But there is no knowing where the wings of Folly will carry the head to. I hate *Virgil*, I hate *Horace*; not for their poetry, but their paſſions. The Devil have the taſte of that poet, who could make the ſame love, and write the ſame verſes to *Amaryllis* as he did to *Corydon*. Blot it, oh blot it out! And the *Falernian* Fumbler, too, to countenance ſuch a paſſion!

on! 'Tis horrid, 'tis abominable, when he could ſay, "ſpiſſa te *nitidum* coma." 'Tis a miſtake in the print; let me write *nitidam*, and excuſe this divine poet to the diviner ladies.

Ah, PUBLIUS NASO OVID, how do I adore thy name! how do I greedily drink thy charming love philters! thou mirrour of ſenſe, wit, manners, and politeneſs! Thou wert, in every ſenſe of the word, a true, a perfect, and moſt compleat Gentleman; ſuch a glaſs of perfection, as every man might have ſeen to dreſs himſelf by; and ſuch a poet, as the ladies never had before, nor ever will poſſeſs again.

Conveniens vitæ mors fuit ipſa ſuæ.

In all the love-eſſays compoſed by this charming bard, I never remember that he makes mention of any love from one ſweet girl to another: nor does he tell us of any old dowager, who has worn of the bloſſom of youth, keeping a fine young girl to make love unto. But now ſuch things are, tho' rare and ſtrange!

Ha, ha, ha, ha! do you ſee that fat plump Lady? She is all fleſh and fun, and yet ſhe hates mankind. She ſays wedlock is unnatural, and man is a filthy brute; ſhe runs after all the maidens of the town, and has lately ſmothered a young dramatic girl with her kiſſes.

Do

Do you know that very elegant Lady, famous for her taſte, but rather extravagant in her paſſion of love? It is Mrs. **. Would you conceive or imagine, that a woman, moulded like the Venus of Crotona, could turn with diſdain on the Phaons of this time, and ruſh in riot to a lady's arms?—'Tis even ſo. O 'tis a rare age!

There again! there is a plump piece of domeſtic joy! Worn out and wearied in her purſuit of mankind, ſhe takes two lovely virgins to her houſe, cloaths them, and gives them diet. And when a man whiſpers the honeyed tale of love into their ears, ſhe is more jealous than a lover, or a lap-dog of a rival eating bread and butter out of the hands of his miſtreſs. Two young girls to warm a female froſt-piece of fifty! DAVID, to be ſure, had two alſo, and ſo had old *Ligonier*; but they had been men; and old coachmen like to hear the ſmack of the whip—though they cannot drive.

Alas, my countrywomen, and countrymen, theſe paths leads to endleſs diſgrace! Be male and female ſtill, nor let ſuch ſhocking and prepoſterous paſſions bewilder your minds, and lead you all aſtray! Nothing is ſo honourable as marriage, nothing ſo comfortable both to the body and the mind. Let not ſome recent and abandoned adulteries diſcountenance this holy, pure, and ſocial ſyſtem. It is marriage alone that knits the bonds of ſociety together,

and

and makes the life of man honourable to himſelf, and grateful to the God of Nature. We have no Brahmans or rigid and ſevere Stoics amongſt us. Encreaſe and multiply, is the Moſaic command; and only honourable in the bands of conjugality. What is there, tell me, ye grey-bearded philoſophical pedants, in nature ſo beauteous, and ſo proper, as a fair wife, a ſweet wife, a ſenſible wife, and a loving wife? Can the world afford ſuch content, or a more gracious object!

"*Quid libentiùs homo maſculus videre debet quàm*
"bellam uxorem?"

O for a wooing Muſe, to tempt thoſe females who are fond of females, to try the difference between a ſtate of feminine folly, and that of matrimony! Look at Nature! Does not all the Creation pair? And ſhall lovely and enticing women wither all her roſes and lilies in the noxious ſhade, nor give them to Man, whom God ordained, and for whom ſhe was created? *Tacitus* ſays, Matrimony makes us immortal; it is the ſole and chief prop of empire—*Firmiſſimum imperii munimentum.* The *man* who reſolves to live without *woman*, or the *woman* who reſolves to live without *man*, are enemies to the *commonwealth*, injurious to *themſelves*, deſtructive to the *world*, apoſtates to *nature*, and rebels againſt heaven and earth. N.

NUMBER

NUMBER XVIII.

A FABLE.

AT a banquet upon *Olympus*, *Jupiter*, who perceived the nectar go briſkly round, decently withdrew from the aſſembly. *Plutus* immediately claimed the chair as the ſuperior Deity, and founded his pretenſions upon the number of his votaries. All mankind, he affirmed, were eager in purſuit of riches, and offered incenſe at his ſhrine. *Mercury* owned all purſued riches, yet few or none avowed it; for, aſhamed of the object of their deſires, they vilified the divinity of *Plutus*, and payed their adoration to ſome other of the Gods. However, as moſt men uſed the means to acquire riches, and as he himſelf was the ſole diſpenſer of thoſe endowments which are proper to procure them, he thought that he ought to be eſteemed the moſt important of the Deities He was the God of *Eloquence*, the God of *Commerce*, of *Chicanery*, and of *Theft*, and therefore worſhipped by all who employed either the tongue, or the hand, dexterouſly to convey to themſelves what belonged to another. The debate ran high between the two Deities, when *Juno* interpoſed, and declared,

ed, Power was the darling object of all Human Kind. Riches were but ſubſervient to this end; and as ſhe gave power and grandeur, ſhe ſolely was worſhipped. *Venus* immediately fired, and twitted her with the judgment of *Paris*; and had not *Momus* got up to ſpeak, all Heaven had been in an uproar. He propoſed that the affair ſhould be put to a trial, and that *Fame* ſhould ſummons all (who had any requeſt to make of the Gods) immediately to appear at that feſtival; for their Godſhips being in good humour, would grant their petitions. The propoſal was univerſally reliſhed; and *Fame* had no ſooner blown her trumpet, and given the ſummons, than a number of Matrons ruſhed forward, and with great clamour demanded the firſt audience. *Juno*, *Venus*, and *Minerva* were all eager to hear their Petition. *Venus* had looſened her girdle to throw amongſt them, and *Minerva* ſtretched out her diſtaff; but both were greatly mortified by the Matrons addreſſing themſelves to *Juno*: "O *Juno*, whoſe cur-
"tain eloquence even *Jupiter* dreads, endow
"us with thy perſuaſive faculty, and grant us
"to domineer over our Huſbands!" *Juno*, though ſomewhat piqued, yet exulted in having the firſt prayers offered to her; and *Momus* begged that, for the peace of the aſſembly, their Petition might quickly be granted; as, becoming odious to their huſbands, they would ſoon find a paſſion for dominion was not the only one

to be gratified. The next who came forward, were a mixed multitude of ſhabby Candidates for Wit, and of warm Citizens, with the inſolence of a plumb in their countenances. *Plutus* immediately ſtretched forth a weighty purſe to the poor Votaries, and *Apollo* offered wit to the wealthy. "Obſerve, ſaid *Momus*, how prodigiouſly my Brother-Gods are miſtaken; for the Poor Rogues petition for wit, by which they will never procure a dinner, but often loſe a friend that might give them one; and the Wealthy ſeize the purſe, without a ſoul to enjoy what they already poſſeſs." Theſe were ſucceeded by a Miniſter of State, and a Miniſter of *Lucina*, who had quarrelled about a various reading in *Horace*, and came puffing to *Apollo* to ſettle the diſpute. *Momus* deſired the God to be ſpeedy, for a Council of State impatiently waited for one, and a woman in labour was bawling out for the other. But *Apollo* declared upon his honour, Verbal Criticiſm was not his province; however, they might conſult ———, Secretary to the God of *Dulneſs*, and they perhaps might then find, that both or neither of them were in the right. The next was a Virtuoſo, who in very ſupplicant terms begged *Mercury* to clap on his wings, and catch him a Butterfly that had eſcaped his purſuit, the poſſeſſion of which would make him the happieſt man in the univerſe. A Lady then appeared with a moſt diſconſolate aſpect, and in a flood of tears offered her

her prayers that her ſick child might be reſtored to health; or, at leaſt, that its life might be prolonged for four-and-twenty hours. The Aſſembly were touched with her grief, yet ſurprized at the oddneſs of the latter part of her petition. But *Momus*, who knew her, informed them, that for very weighty reaſons ſhe begged the twenty-four hours; for ſhould the child die before evening, ſhe would be debarred the exquiſite pleaſure of being, that night, the fineſt woman at a Ridotto. A croud of Painters, Fiddlers, and Phyſicians preſſed forward. *Apollo* ſoon diſpatched the former, and recollected all his Healing Art to endow his favourite tribe; but was grievouſly diſappointed, when ſome prayed for the gift of Poetry, ſome to be profound Critics, others for a *Virtù* in Medals, in Sculpture, or in Architecture. There were ſome who begged for the Art of Healing. *Apollo*, from their uncouth appearance, heſitated; but *Momus* cried out, "You may venture, for they never intend to practiſe." "If ſo, ſaid *Apollo*, it is ſufficient if they imagine they know the Art."

On a ſudden, the Deities were alarmed by the tumultuous noiſe of people enquiring the way to *Olympus*, who ſoon appeared to be certain Prieſts of the ſeveral Deities, that clamorouſly complained of the Gods for granting petitions which were not offered up in the eſtabliſhed way. They were at a loſs how to pacify them,

when *Momus* ſtood up, and ſlily ſaid, "Gods "and Goddeſſes! let each order of Prieſts ap- "ply themſelves to their proper Deities, and "upon ſuch application we will grant a re- "dreſs." The Prieſts, who had not the leaſt knowledge of their reſpective Divinities, looked confounded, and left the Aſſembly in great diſcontent. Theſe were ſucceeded by a crowd of Merchants. Some begged for a North, ſome for a South, and others for a Weſt Wind. *Momus*, with a malicious ſmile, aſked them, whether the Eaſt Wind, which then blew, was not full as good for the Weſtern expedition, about which they ſeem to be ſo highly concerned? But, deaf to the rebuke, each for his own intereſt urged his Petition; and *Æolus*, to ſatisfy their ſeveral requeſts, got up in a paſſion, and blew a whirlwind, out of which the naval armament narrowly eſcaped.

By this time *Venus* and *Minerva* were both out of humour. *Momus* told them, they had little reaſon to expect any votaries; for where were they to be found, who are not ſufficiently pleaſed with their own proper wiſdom and charms? He had ſcarcely ſpoke, when an old bed-ridden woman, juſt upon the point of expiring, was brought in a litter, and offered her prayers to *Minerva*, for wiſdom to conduct her through the intricacies of life. *Minerva* looked ſour, and *Momus* laughed. Immediately an old ſhattered Beau addreſſed *Venus* for the art

of

of perſuaſion. *Venus* peeviſhly aſked him, What uſe he had for it? *Momus* replied, To procure a favour he has not the ability to enjoy. *Diana*, who entertained ſmall expectations even of a ſingle votary, was ſurprized with the addreſs of a prayer from an old deformed Maid of threeſcore. "O *Diana!* preſerve me in "the ways of Chaſtity." *Momus* tipped her upon the ſhoulder, and aſked, if her chaſtity had ever been tried? She took the queſtion ſo heinouſly ill, that ſhe did not wait for the grant of her Petition.

The next who advanced, was an elderly man; he was at a loſs how to ſay his Prayers; and having always lived in Courts, was diffident of their ſucceſs, and ſhrewd at finding out a knave for his purpoſe. He looked about and quickly accoſted *Mercury* whom he promiſed a hundred oxen, much better than thoſe he formerly ſtole from *Admetus*, to procure him a good character from the Aſſembly. *Momus* overheard him, and cried out, "Friend, the worſt bargain you ever made in your life; for upon the firſt opportunity you will ſell it again for fifty." Struck with the hint, the old fellow withdrew without finiſhing the bargain.

Whilſt *Momus* was thus diverted by the votaries of the other Deities, a Legate addreſſed him, "O *Momus!* thou God of Buffoone-"ry, make me a compleat Wag." The Aſ-

ſembly laughed, and *Momus* bluſhed; but recollecting himſelf, he thus addreſſed the Deities: "You ſee, O Gods! what reaſon you "have to think highly of yourſelves upon ac- "count of your worſhippers. Have any of "them aſked what can reflect honour upon "the giver, or what can render themſelves the "better or the happier? Such, O Gods! "were juſt now your ſtrifes, and ſuch the "petitions of your Votaries." Struck with the rebuke, the Gods broke up in a hurry, and the Aſſembly was diſſolved without the right of precedence being adjuſted.

NUMBER XIX.

On the DISCONTENTS of MANKIND.

Pigmei Gigantum humeris impoſiti plus quam ipſi Gigantes vident.

"A Dwarf ſtanding on the ſhoulders of a Gi- "ant, may ſee farther than a Giant him- "ſelf."

I Often laugh at the univerſally prevalent diſcontent which runs through the veins of all Mankind. Every perſon ſeems to me to envy the lot of his neighbour, and is entirely diſcontented with himſelf. Happineſs may dwell with every individual; it is every where, and no where; and yet it quits the palaces of Princes, and even dwells with me. In ſhort, our

our own felicities are within our own boſoms; the Deity of Nature hath diſpenſed bleſſings ſufficient to crown us all ſuperlatively; and to all he has given a *competency*, which is what every perſon prays for, and which none ſeem to me to feel that they poſſeſs, though they have even many thouſands to riot in. There are none ſo great, but there are ſome greater; and the poſſeſſions of this uncertain life are ſo very fluctuating and inconſtant, that we may ſay with the conjurer *Breſlaw*, when you have it in your hand, "Are you ſure 'tis there." We anſwer, Yes, being convinced by the touch and the ſight; and yet when we unfold our hands, we find That not there which we thought we ſo confidently embraced. There is a legerdemain through all life; and many tricks which are impoſed upon us, deceive us with a kind of pleaſure, becauſe we do not know how or wherefore they are impoſed upon our underſtandings. If human nature is determined never to be ſatisfied with its allotment, ſuch a perſon can never be pleaſed with the abundance of Crœſus. There are ſome who repine at the health, the ſenſe, the beauty, the fortune of another; and ſome who are even bleſſed with wealth, with health, and ſenſe, diſtreſs and teaze their minds for fear they may come to want, in the midſt of abundance; or to ſickneſs in the midſt of vigour and ſpirits.

Of this unaccountable diſpoſition is *Charles Grumble*; a man of parts, of ſtrength, fortitude, and comelineſs; and yet he is for ever perplexed with a comfortable income, envies every man he ſees, loves every woman he beholds, and is diſcontented amidſt the abundant bleſſings of the Gods. *Charles* has an excellent ſtomach, and yet growls every time he eats. —When his inclinations have even taken him to a tavern to meet his friends in convivial feſtivity, he will make himſelf miſerable during the whole time of the repaſt with calculations of the expence of the Bill; and though he parts with his money, yet it hangs ſo long between his purſe and his fingers, that he ſhews every body how nearly and dearly they are wedded together, and with what great reluctance they part. Now, if *Charles* was ſilent, and only gave his caſh when he could not avoid it, no perſon would diſcover the natural covetouſneſs of his miſerable diſpoſition.

Charles is, again, a very Proteus: He is a man at every thing! He thinks himſelf the beſt judge of dramatic exhibitions, and allows no merit to GARRICK. He is a great connoiſſeur in pictures; damns every Modern, from Sir *Joſhua Reynolds* to *Engleheart*; talks of Titian, Rembrandt, Guido, Teniers, Raphael, Angelo, and even that antient gentleman Mr. *Zeuxis*, with as much confident eaſe and familiarity as though he had ſmoaked or took ſnuff with them all,

all, without abſolutely knowing one of theſe excellent maſters by his compoſitions. As for muſic, there he is a very *Timotheus!* He would raiſe a mortal to, or draw an angel from the ſkies. He laughs at all the notes of your *Arnes*, *Giardinis*, *Millicos*, *Barthelemons*, and *Burneys*, and deſpiſes all their fingers! Yes, he hath a finger; and from a crowdero can excellently ſcrape the *Black Joke* with variations; for he is not perfect enough in the tune, ever to play it twice alike. In dancing he is inimitable, and will turn up his noſe at *Le Fierville* and *the Heinel*, and ſwear point blank they know nothing of the matter, though he never learnt to dance. He is not confined to the Floor: he deſpiſes even Tumblers and Rope-dancers; and is ſo prepoſſeſſed in his own opinion, that I believe he will one day venture his bones, to convince us he really knows nothing of the matter. In ſhort, *Charles* finds fault with every compoſition, grumbles at every excellence, deſpiſes every ability, diſlikes every creature, hates every viand, and is ſo various, that nothing is ſo like and ſo unlike him as *Zimri*;

A man ſo various that he ſeem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was every thing by ſtarts, and nothing long:
But in the courſe of one revolving moon,
Is Chymiſt, Fiddler, Stateſman, and Buffoon,

Then all for Women, painting, rhiming, drinking,
Beſides ten thouſand freaks that dy'd in thinking.

Yes, he is alſo a *Poet*; and does ſatirize ſo very keenly all modern compoſitions, that he has not been heard to praiſe a line during the laſt twenty years of his life. He one day told me with a grave and believing countenance, that if he had applied with ſteadineſs, he ſhould have certainly written better than *Pope* or *Dryden*; for he was convinced that it came by application, and that Heaven and Nature had no hand in the compoſition of a *Genius*. In this way of thinking, too, he will attempt to tag rhimes, and be much pleaſed with them after he hath done them.

WOMEN! Ah, there he is fatal too! It is aſtoniſhing, if you are credulous enough to credit his account, what numbers have been in love with him. The Grecian liſt of men are nothing in numbers to his catalogue of Beauties. He hath a knack at courtſhip, and no creature is ſo attentive to obtain the conſent of the Fair-ſex as our Paramour; but the moment he has advanced near the boundary line of conjugality, he ſneaks away, being very much afraid of the connubial limed twigs, which he is reſolved ſhall never entangle his feathers, though he may anſwer the call of many a pretty Gold-finch.

finch. This part of *Charles*'s character is the worſt; for ſome credulous Maidens, who have not been ſo well informed of his ſchemes and inclinations as I have, truſting to the ſoothing flattery of his tongue, gave up their company to his addreſs; and when he abandoned them, former ſuitors turned with diſdain upon the heel, concluding that he had obtained the favours which he ſought, and ſo ruined the reputation of the artleſs, innocent Maid.

Charles is, again, the moſt vociferous and argumental coxcomb exiſting. He contradicts without diſtinction every thing which you ſay, and, like many others of this kidney, believes there is great cleverneſs in the conduct; concluding, if they are capable of oppoſing any matter advanced in company, that they impreſs their auditors with an opinion of their ſuperior judgment: not conſidering, that they are at once guilty of impertinence, rudeneſs, and ignorance, for which they merit the contempt of ſociety in general.

In ſhort, CHARLES GRUMBLE is without exception the moſt diſcontented, reſtleſs, unſatisfied Being that ever came out of the hands Jove. He is the very HEAUTON-TIMORUMENOS of Terence; for ever diſcontented; and may truly ſay with old *Menedemus* the *Self-tormentor*.

" *Aut*

" *Aut ego profecto ingenio egregie ad miſerias*
" *Natus ſum* ————

" Sure I'm by Nature form'd for miſery
" Beyond the reſt of human kind!"

Whoever is viſited with the diſeaſe of Diſcontent, muſt be miſerable. Philoſophy and Reaſon are the only preceptors which can ſave us from falling into ſuch a miſery. Every ſituation may be improved, and in every ſituation we may be happy; but if I, who only drive a whiſky, ſigh for a coach; or if he who hath a coach and pair, ſighs for ſix horſes; no balſam will heal or help ſuch a mind. I have met with a lady, who had ſuch an extravagant idea of all the works of Art and Nature, and who was ſo very gigantic in her formation of things, that ſhe never met an object which did not fall beneath her expectations. Her fancy was all Patagonian: ſhe was a Gianteſs; and *Brobdignag* was ever before her eyes. Every thing was mentally created ſublime and wonderful; by which means ſhe never ſaw a thing which equalled her extravagant and romantic ideas. How ſuch ſeeds could be ſown in a mind that had never been out of a country town, is extraordinary; but all the bleſſings of Nature were in reality petty and inſipid, and the works of Art grovelling, to the ideas of her mountainous mind. Such a woman can never be ſatisfied—unleſs Babel is her ſummer-houſe—Mount

Atlas

Atlas her retreat—the Sky her canopy—and Polyphemus her ſpouſe.

Miſs Niggle is another extraordinary Exotic, who takes all the pains imaginable to aſſure you, that ſhe is the happieſt creature living; and yet all her actions convince you to the contrary. She is in perſon as robuſt as an Amazon, and yet ſhe trembles at a zephyr, faints at the vulgar touch of a man, ſqualls at the jerk of a coach, and if it muſt paſs another carriage in a narrow ſtreet will get out, and run through the croud and the dirt, to convince you what a happy woman ſhe is, though under the diſadvantage of tender, weak nerves.

Mankind, in general, take much pains to perſuade you what they are not; and are very deſirous of giving their own characters, without reflecting they are the worſt calculated for the taſk.—We may ſometimes be judges of others, but we rarely judge properly of ourſelves.

In wiſhing nothing, we enjoy ſtill moſt;
For even our wiſh is in poſſeſſion loſt:
Reſtleſs we wander to a new deſire,
And burn ourſelves by blowing up the fire;
We toſs and turn about our fev'riſh will,
When all our eaſe muſt come by lying ſtill:
For all the happineſs mankind can gain,
Is not in pleaſure, but in reſt from pain.

N.

NUMBER

NUMBER XX.

This is ſome monſter of the Iſle with four legs: if I can keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a preſent for any Emperor that ever trod on neat's leather: were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fiſh painted, not an holiday fool there but would give a piece of ſilver to ſee him. There would this monſter make a man: any ſtrange beaſt there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to ſee a dead Indian. SHAKESPEARE.

I HAVE viſited almoſt all the nations of the earth, and do not find any people ſo extravagant in their curioſity, or aſtoniſhed ſo much at any other thing which differs from themſelves, or the creatures of their country, as the Engliſh.

If a foreigner comes amongſt us in the garb of his nation, we preſs with indecency about him, not to honour him with our ſalutations of congratulation for the favour he has conferred upon us by ſuch a viſit, but to ſtare, to gape upon, and to paſs a ſarcaſtic opinion on the manner of his appearance, and to cenſure his ignorance of our manners and cuſtoms.

Upon

Upon ſuch occaſions we ſhould confeſs our folly, like Virgil's clown, who in a proper manner chaſtiſed himſelf for thinking his little paltry hamlet, Mantua, like imperial Rome.

"Urbem quam dicunt Romam, Melibœe, putavi
"Stultus ego huic noſtræ ſimilem."———

This rudeneſs about the Engliſh people towards foreigners is groſs and unbecoming. The very untutored Indians, without the advantage of example and education, have a courteſy and an addreſs that even puts us *enlightened* people out of countenance. If a lady or a gentleman, of another country, attempts, in broken language, to converſe with us; inſtead of informing them of their errors and inaccuracies, and putting them right in their pronunciation, we wonder and exclaim at their ignorance, and ſet up a great horſe-laugh, forgetting at the ſame time that the ignorance reſts on our ſide.

No leſs a man than the celebrated and improved Mr. Garrick was guilty of an error of this ſort, when he made the grand tour to improve his mind, and render himſelf a rarer creature amongſt his countrymen, who will blow on an angel if too frequently ſeen amongſt them.

When Mr. Garrick reached Calais, he was walking the ſtreets and viewing the place, when he diſcovered at once a number of children

dren at play—and immediately exclaimed with an Engliſh amazement, " Why, why, why now—it is amazing to hear how theſe little creatures ſpeak French !"

I do not mean to animadvert on this Garrickiſm; nor ſay, whether he had forgot the land he was in, or whether he meant to draw the attention of his companions by the abſurdity of the obſervation.

I beg leave to leave Mr. Garrick in Calais to purſue his obſervations, while I continue my own.

A paſſion for rarities of all ſpecies, genera, and denominations, ſeems to be the taſte and *ton* of the times; and if Kings themſelves are to give ſanctions to every folly, and adopt them, we are ſo far right, by having the royal approbation to every exotic monſter. His Majeſty, in his princely wiſdom, hath publicly declared to the circle of his cryſtal, ſmiling, hollow courtiers, that the diſcovery of the Iſles of *Otaheite*, New Zealand, &c. is the brighteſt jewel in his crown, and that he is prouder to have his reign adorned with the accounts given by the various *Mandevillean* explorers, than of any other act or acquiſition. I do ſuppoſe, in his royal mind the Quebec Bill does not hold ſo fair a place !

Now, ſince the royal ſtamp and ſeal are given to this circumnavigable buſineſs, Monſters muſt encreaſe, and the Kingdom in the courſe of time

time muſt be a grand menagerie for the animals of other countries. I dare ſay, at this preſent writing we have as great a variety as Captain Noah had in his long ſhip, and more in number, though they are not in pairs; and I believe Philoſophers in general allow that marine gentleman to have had the greateſt live-ſtock on board his veſſel that ever any ſailor went to ſea with. I have often been amazed when I reflected on the manner of their ſtowing, and how he and his lady-daughters could attend with food to ſupply the cravings of ſo many maws: for according to the Moſaic narrative of that wonderful aquatic expedition, the elements were in general troubled and agitated, and conſequently (as I have ſeen in common paſſage boats) theſe various creatures muſt have been variouſly indiſpoſed and ſick.

It is not taken notice of by any Chriſtian author, which greatly amazes me, that the ark ſprung a leak on the thirty-eighth day, at two o'clock P. M. The conſternation on this occaſion was, as you may imagine, great. To ſtop the water from guſhing in was the thought of the Captain's youngeſt daughter, Miſs Lillah, lineally deſcended and named from Lamech's wife. She placed the pointer's noſe in the hole; from which ſteady poſition he learned to ſtand fixed; and from that circumſtance all the dogs noſes are cold.

This

This canine pleaſantry is mentioned by a Latin author called Mummius Secundus, chap. iv. page 199.

The paſſion of exploration is now higher than ever, and animals and exotic plants arrive from the deepeſt horizons. It was but laſt year that a vicious little Horſe was brought from India, that kicked two mens brains out in the courſe of the voyage. Mr. Banks, Dr. Solander, Mr. Cooke, and Mr. Furneaux have dived ſo deep into foreign parts, that they are abſolutely Cruſoes. But with all their penetration, I do not find that any good hath accrued to the Community. Numbers of our hardy ſubjects have died on the paſſage—many have been roaſted and eaten by Cannibals—numbers have been drowned—and a great expence the nation hath been put to; and only to bring home a few ſeeds—ſome ſhells—ſtuffed fiſh—dried birds—voracious animals—preſſed plants—and an Indian——in ſhort, as many rare things as would ſet up a Necromancer or a Country Apothecary:

"In his needy ſhop a tortoiſe hung,
"An alligator ſtuffed, and other ſkins
"Of ill-ſhaped fiſhes."————

Now, in former reigns, when Columbus, a Genoeſe, and Americus Veſpucius, a Florentine, ſailed in the year 1492, they made a diſcovery of the Weſtern World; they were alſo followed

followed by Magellan, a noble Portugueſe, who found out thoſe Straits which bear his name, as alſo South America. Theſe noble adventurers were ſucceeded by many of our own countrymen, particularly Raleigh, who is not inferior to any, and who was rewarded in an unmanly manner by that daſtard wretch James the Firſt, for his great and glorious ſervices and fatigues. From the expeditions of theſe Heroes and many others, territories and iſlands were annexed to our country; but the preſent mode of exploring only appears to be an expedition to pick up ſhells and preſerve butterflies for the Fair Sex. The Iſles of Otaheite and New Zealand are not to be viſited or inhabited, and therefore theſe jaunts to the ſouthern latitudes are only to amuſe the Court, and encreaſe our collections of trifles.

Plants have been brought over, which Linnæus cannot chriſten—ſhells have been found without their likeneſs—and people diſcovered with cuſtoms, manners, and languages, utterly unknown before. But to what purpoſe, further than amuſement, do theſe inveſtigations ſerve?

Captain Furneaux is returned, with an Indidian from Otaheite, and all the world are running to ſee this exotic Black. The King is to ſee him—the Queen is to ſee him, and his velvet ſkin is to be touched by the Maids of Honour;

nour; and all this is the wondrous production of a voyage of two years to the *South Seas!*

When the Eſquimaux Indians were in London, who were ſavage beyond redemption, ladies of delicacy uſed to go to ſee them eat candles for breakfaſt; for tallow they indelicately preferred to other wholeſome viands.

In ſhort, there are trifling manners prevalent in this iſland, inconſiſtent with the noble dignity of Human Nature, unbecoming of Princes, and unworthy of Subjects.

Our ſpunk of valour is degenerated into coxcombry, and the glory of this Nation will ſink with the luxury and diſſipation of the times. England hath riſen to her meridian of glory, and is ſinking now with rapidity equal to the earth's diurnal revolution. N.

NUMBER XXI.

On PLEASURE.

Pleaſure ne'er comes ſincere to Man,
But ſent by Heaven upon hard uſury:
And while Jove holds us out the bowl of joy,
Ere it can reach our lips 'tis daſh'd with gall
By ſome left-handed God. DRYDEN.

I Do not mean to ſpeak of Pleaſure in a philoſophical manner, nor argue with *Locke*, whether it ariſes only from the ceaſing of pain, or whether it is produced by ſounds pleaſing,

pleaſing, or by ſights charming; nor ſhall I be bold enough to raiſe my own reputation by attacking a great man to draw my conſequence forward. This Burke hath done in his Sublime and Beautiful, and with no great ſucceſs or reputation to himſelf, againſt the amazing Locke.

I mean only to ſpeak of pleaſure as the world adopts it, for a gratification of the ſenſes; and even in that manner it will puzzle philoſophers ſuperior to Locke and Burke: not that I mean to rank them together; they are men of very different clays, and very different intellects.

In many reſpects, the world in general build all their ſublunary happineſs on the purſuit of their pleaſures; and thoſe pleaſures to the human mind are as different as their complexions. There is no defining what Pleaſure is; for that which gives rapturous ſatisfaction to one, is a dull, tedious, unimportant ſcene to another. Perhaps, the Deity of Nature in our very formations intended this general difference; for the human mind is of that motley caſt, that few things ſtrike two minds alike. What is highly pleaſing to one, to another is irkſome and tedious. It is thus in regard to beauty: one man will be all agony, rage, fury, and love for an object; while another will look upon the virgin without deſire or emotion. One man will purſue the chaſe with unrelaxed ardour, while another hates the yell of a hound and the jolt of a horſe.

a horſe. Another, again, is indefatigable in ſhooting, while his brother deteſts the ſmell of gunpowder. Some with unrelaxing aſſiduity will hold the trembling rod over the brook for hours, without the ſatisfaction of a bite; the very confinement to a ſpot, would drive another diſtracted. So that there is no defining what pleaſure really is; for what is one man's gratification in this, may be ſaid to be another's deteſtation. The Antients were not more abſurd than ourſelves; that is, if we have any right to fix a ſtandard for pleaſure, and call any thing abſurd becauſe it gives another pleaſure, and we do not like it ourſelves; for they had as extravagant ideas as any men ſince; and their pleaſures were as abſurd and extraordinary. *Domitian* the Emperor amuſed himſelf, in preference to any other thing, in catching flies; *Auguſtus*, to play with nuts amongſt children—*Alexander Severus* was often pleaſed to play with whelps and young pigs; and at this time there is a Lord, an Admiral to George the Third, who takes more pleaſure in the company of his pig than his Lady. Perhaps, ſome may not wonder at this.

Cæſar, *Lepidus*, and *Anthony*, uſed to paſs their time in gathering ſhells on the ſea ſhore. The Ladies of Turkey, who are mewed up from thoſe recreations which Ladies of other countries enjoy, paſs moſt of their leiſure hours in dalliance with their favourite cats, as more

modern

modern dames uſe monkies, ſquirrels, and Italian dogs.

There are ſuch variety of Pleaſures, that there is no fixing upon one as univerſal. Some paſſionately purſue cards, others deteſt them; ſome, through keenneſs, daily riſk their lives in hunting, others hate to croſs a horſe.

Some have ſuch a thirſt of pleaſure, united with knowledge, that we ſee them exploring the burning latitudes of India, and the intenſe froſts of Iceland, only in purſuit of ſome natural rarity, as ſhells and butterflies, plants and animals.

One Mr. Leſlie, a man of very conſiderable fortune, is juſt returned from China, where he went in his fortieth year, to ſee the manners and cuſtoms of the Chineſe; nay, ſo very great is his thirſt, that he means to make a ſecond expedition. There are men who prefer the converſe of dead authors to that of the living; while others live in the ſmoak of tobacco, and the noiſe of a ſkittle-ground, and prefer it to the voice of Linley, and the catgut of Giardini.

Some, more refined in their ears, purſue ſweet ſounds all over the globe, and are as much bewildered as Proſpero's friends led aſtray by the inviſible Ariel. Other men have ſouls ſo cruſted with dulneſs, that it is not in the power of muſic to awaken their ſenſes. Many men moſt rationally purſue the ſtudy of Gardening, while others look on the faireſt plant, or the moſt blooming flower, without emotion. Some devote their time to collect old medals, and ruſty,

ty bits of antient helmets, hilts of ſwords, and other antiquated utenſils; while an Egytian vaſe is looked upon by another with coldneſs and contempt.

I remember the ſtory of a great Floriſt, who had got a prodigious beautiful blow of tulips; when, amongſt the reſt of his viſitors, there came a Student of Inſects; and while the Floriſt was expatiating with rapture on the beauty of his flowers, the Naturaliſt ſuddenly diſcovered a fine butterfly amongſt the tulips, and ſpringing over the bed, in extacy cried out, An *Emperor!* an *Emperor!* and trampled down his flowers, regardleſs of oaths and blows, till he left the ground in purſuit of the object of his favourite ſtudy.

I have known a lady go through the hot fatigue of a week's waſhing, for the pleaſure of hanging out the linen, and taking it in, when dry, from the hedge: ſhe would often declare, that the ſmell of it freſh from the thorn, was more grateful to her ſenſes than any other fragrance or ſenſation.

In the early part of life, and in the maturer too, we find people pleaſed with various narrations that even terrify them; ſuch as murders, ghoſts, and demons; and expreſs ſo much anxiety on the ſubject, that when you ceaſe to fright them, they will keenly importune you to purſue the ſtory.

There was an extraordinary character belonging to Drury-lane Theatre, (his name was *Clough*)

Clough) who had not miſſed an execution for thirty years. He once walked up from Portſmouth, when he belonged to that Company, to ſee the execution of two criminals on Kennington-Common; but their being reprieved ſo diſappointed his promiſed *pleaſure*, that he was heard to go away ſwearing in an uncommon language. He uſed to be frequently attended by a brother Comedian, on whom he called one morning to go with him to ſome execution; but his friend not being willing to riſe, he exclaimed in a great rage, "*D—n it, Jemmy, you have no true taſte for pleaſure!*"

This ſame Mr. *Clough*, when in the laſt ſickneſs which put a period to his days, was very deſirous of attending an execution to Tyburn; and though in ſo weak a condition as hardly to be able to ſpeak, he took a chair, and went to Newgate.—One of the criminals was in hopes of a pardon; and ſeeing a ſedan come in this manner through the mob, they concluded the joyful tidings were therein contained; when lo! to their aſtoniſhment, *Clough* came from the chair in the Preſs-yard, ſaying, with a faint and languid voice, "I'm juſt come, my boys, to have the *pleaſure* of ſeeing your irons knocked off."——The human mind is of ſo motley a complexion, that it is difficult to define what is pleaſure to it. I ſhall conclude, that there are certain things which would be equally pleaſing to every rational mind; but every day, in the common occurrences of things, we are convinc-

ed to the contrary. Every mind forms its own ideas of pleaſure; and according to the ſtrength of genius, and the power of fancy, ideal pleaſures are the ſtronger painted; and few men have been ſo fortunate as to have the poſſeſſion of any pleaſure equal to the colouring of fancy before it was poſſeſſed.

Perhaps I may venture to ſay, that the firſt rapturous pleaſure of this life, is the meeting of two Lovers with a mutual zeal and affection; which meeting is highly improved by being clandeſtine. If theſe expecting fair ones have a few days to paſs before the happy moment arrives, do not the joys, the bliſs, the rapture and incantation, which the mind ſo lively delineated, exceed far the tumult of their joys when poſſeſſed? This, again, depends upon the vigour of the mind and the conſtitution; and therefore people of a poetical fancy and ability muſt certainly doubly enjoy every pleaſurable ſcene of life above all other minds.

The Poet's eye, in a fine phrenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And as *imagination* bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the Poet's pen
Turns them to ſhape, and gives to airy Nothing
A local habitation and a name. N.

NUMBER XXII.

Upon Methodiſts, and their Preachers.

Prieſthood, that makes a merchandize of Heaven!
Prieſthood, that ſells ev'n too their prayers and bleſſings,
And forces us to pay for our own cozenage!—
The gods are theirs, not ours; and when we pray
For happy omens, we their price muſt pay.
Fat off'rings are the Prieſthood's only care;
They take the money, and Heav'n hears the prayer.

For gain has wonderful effects
T' improve the factory of Sects;
The rule of Faith in all profeſſions.

HUDIBRAS.

I CANNOT help ſmiling to ſee the numbers deluded in this kingdom, by a ſet of artful men, who wiſh to perſuade their followers, that with their new lights and inſpirations they are Puritans of a purer order than any yet found amongſt the children of men. It is impoſſible to keep the countenance from riſibility at their preachings, when they come determined to fire off vollies of nonſenſe in high rhapſody; in which they too often ſucceed, as the greateſt part of their auditory are weak, ignorant peo-

ple, and by not underſtanding the doctrine, believe there is more in it, by its being more unintelligible and obſcure.

There hath been a myſtery, a hocus-pocus, in all Religions, ſince the days of the Egyptians to theſe of the American Indians; but when we come to argue on the deluſion amongſt the more educated and enlightened; it perplexes the ſenſible mind, and confounds all belief. There never was a more ſubtle hypocrite in the world than the late Mr. *Whitefield*. He had good natural parts, and having mixed much amongſt men, had learned their prejudices, and found out their weakeſt ſides; and then, by a furious doctrine of his own, he violently attacked their ſins, and under the plauſible pretence of ſaving their ſouls, picked their pockets. *Whitefield* was a ſenſible fellow, who knew how to play with the diſpoſitions of mankind, and to bring them to his purpoſes by working upon their paſſions; but although he had ſo many followers, he never could perſuade them that he was a Saint: And therefore it may be deduced from various anecdotes of his life, that Neceſſity firſt made him ſtrike out the plan, and the ſucceſs of the undertaking made him purſue it as a Trade. His ſtrongeſt text was, "*Give all unto the poor, "and follow the Lord.*" By this golden rule, he made upwards of ten thouſand pounds before he died. His fanatic followers, though very many, have not riſen to that pitch of conſequence,

quence, nor have they ſucceeded ſo well in the amaſſing of money. *Madan* maintains his pulpit thunder, and by his private viſits makes daily rich converts; while Dr. *Simony* beats the pulpit-drum in vain, and rattles anathemas about the ears of the poor Magdalens, like partridge-ſhot on the firſt day of September. But he does not riſe to the conſequence of the old Doctor, nor make his applications through his wife with ſo much ſucceſs. *Lady Huntingdon* is the *Cornelys* of the Methodiſtical Church; ſhe leads the mode of prayer and rhapſody, and is the St. Cecilia of the new-fangled Hymns. She has ſeduced more men and women than Mrs. Charlotte Hayes, or Mrs. Goadby; nor do I know to the contrary, but to a worſe turn, and more prejudicial to Society. There is no language ſo pure, ſo elevated, ſo moral, ſo nobly calculated for the different orders of men, and the univerſal government of Society, as the Old and New Teſtament. The Songs of Solomon are the firſt compoſitions in language, and the Book of Job is the fineſt poem that is extant. But the very purport of this moſt excellent and excelling doctrine is perverted, and the very fountain head is mudded by theſe falſe teachers, theſe exclaiming Phariſees! Beſides, they are often ſo run away with by their inſpired nonſenſe, that it riſes to blaſphemy, and ſinks in utter ſhame. I remember to have heard one *Howel Davies*, who called himſelf a Shepherd

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of the Choſen Flock, (and ſo he might have been with much propriety on the mountains of Wales, tending of the goats and ſheep) thunder forth the virtues of Lady Huntingdon, in her Chapel at Bath. In a prefatory prayer he made uſe of this moſt contemptible, blaſphemous alluſion: "Saint Luke was a great painter,—yes, he was a very great painter!—And if he knew what he was about, he would come down from Heaven, and draw Lady Huntingdon's picture; then aſcend, and place it in God Almighty's dining-room."—A groan of approbation iſſued from the conſenting congregation, while I ſhuddered by myſelf for the impudence, ignorance, and blaſphemy of the preacher. But this is trifling to what others have heard! And how ſhould it be otherwiſe, when this kind of preaching is performed by the moſt ignorant and illiterate fellows of the community; who, perhaps, being too lazy to work, become inſpired with a new idea, and turn preachers, when they are too indolent to turn their hands to any manual work or labour; it is not long ſince I heard a fanatical deluder of this kind in one of our own churches; and though regularly bred at one of our Univerſities, yet his mind had got ſuch a jirk from the ſtate of ſenſe and ſober truth, that he ſeemed perfectly drunk with the intoxicating waters of the Methodiſts fount. I need not ſay what the holy Scriptures teach, and that they only preach that rational doctrine which

which leads to the honour of God, and the dignity of Society and Mankind. This new holy *Will o'the Wiſp* roared to his congregation,—"That not all the good and moral acts, all the duties to your neighbour and ſociety, nor all the moral virtues, would ſave a man from eternal damnation, without ſtrong *faith:* And, on the other hand, were you a drunkard, a fornicator, (in general, Methodiſts have no objection to ſimple fornication) a thief, a robber, and a liar; yet if you had faith, you would certainly be ſaved."—Now, ſhould not the Preacher who would wantonly broach ſuch a ſyſtem, which muſt in its end prove the utter bane and ruin of Society, be dragged from his pulpit, and ſtripped of his gown?

The congregation admired the man, and looked upon him like an oracle; for, in general, his words were dreſſed in ſuch an incoherent and unintelligible ſtyle, that they did not underſtand him. All the hope I have is, that he will never be underſtood by theſe poor gaping peaſants; and that as he continues to work his web of rhapſodical nonſenſe, he will cloud himſelf the more, 'till the ſpider is hid in his own net, and his poiſon is without power. There was a time when *Richmond* was famed for its chearful countenances and its merriments; and when the farmer drove his cart, or followed his plough, it was to ſome merry note, or to his own whiſtling. Now all is ſolemn gloom, ignorance,

dulneſs, ſuperſtition, and ſinging of Hymns without either meaning or ſenſe.—If theſe foes to the felicity of mankind were only to inculcate virtuous, ſober, and obedient dictates, and exert themſelves for the good of Society, we would not quarrel with them about their modes, or their execrable whinings and cantings; but when their talents are only exerted to delude the ignorant, ſeduce them from their families, and pick their pockets, it then becomes a ſerious buſineſs of the Community to decry a doctrine ſo fatal to the public good. There is not a town, nor ſcarcely a village, where ſome have not left labour, their wives, children, and families, to follow the *New Light:* Mothers turn from their ſucking babes, and fathers from the tears of their ſtarving offſpring.

I had a Plaſterer at work in my houſe, whoſe figure was ſo very meagre, pale, and woe-begone, that I aſked ſome queſtions of his condition. I found him a rank Methodiſt, and one who had left his family, and only worked when there was no preaching to be heard. I argued with him on his neglect of his family, and the ſtarved appearance which he made. He replied with a ſteady unruffled countenance, "That the Holy Ghoſt had fed him, and would always take care of his wife and family." About a month afterwards I was informed of the death of this poor deluded wretch.

I have known many inſtances of the fatality of

of this doctrine, to young Maidens who have been croſſed and diſappointed in love; and when the human mind hath been engaged with a violent attention, even to the adoration of one object, it too often takes an oppoſite turn on diſappointment, and from burning love adopts burning religious and fanatical zeal.

Such is the caſe of BELLAPONTE, a maiden endowed with a moſt uncommon ſhare of wit, ſenſe, and vivacity; but the hiſtory of her love is all a blank.

So writers ſay, as the moſt forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow:
Even ſo by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blaſting in the bud;
Loſing its verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.

——She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damaſk cheek: ſhe pin'd in thought;
And with a green and yellow melancholy,
She ſat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at Grief.

This picture is ſtrictly verified to the life in the character of BELLAPONTE, who hath changed her earthly ſelf ſo much for a heavenly character, that ſhe is loſt to thoſe who once admired her, and ſeems to purſue no other race,

but that where the fury of zeal tranſports her impaſſioned mind:

Ye Gods! what a ruin of love!

I ſtill ſay, that wherever this Methodiſtical doctrine leads the human mind aſtray, from a neceſſary attention to the rules of Society, it becomes hurtful to the Community, and wicked in its conſequences.

The preſent Mr. *Madan* hath ſo powerfully prevailed over the mind and ſentiments of a certain Lady of Quality, who hath been celebrated through life for her beauty and vivacity, that ſhe is now become a poor liſtleſs mourner, and gives herſelf up to his doctrine, and the canker of falſe religion; which, I ſuppoſe, will prey upon her ſpirits, till it produces melancholy or madneſs.

Though *Whitefield* was the leader of this Sect, and made more converts than any other man will do; yet he was a cunning impoſter, and played with the diſpoſitions of mankind. In his laſt expedition to America, the ſhip was in a terrible ſtorm; when an old Lady who was a follower of his, and a paſſenger, who was ſo ſhocked to hear the Captain ſwear, that ſhe requeſted Mr. *Whitefield* would prevail upon the man to deſiſt, for the ſake of their ſouls, as ſuch execrations muſt inevitably ſink them. Mr. *Whitefield* obeyed the old Lady, and the Captain grew more moderate; but when the

Doctor

Doctor perceived that the Sailors did not attend to his commands with ſuch alacrity as they had done before, he ſtepped upon deck privately, and deſired the Captain to ſwear on, as he found it abſolutely neceſſary to ſave their lives.

This circumſtance, which is a fact, ſhews much humour, a great knowledge of human nature, and a deſire to enjoy life.

There are many other ſtories of this *Ignis fatuus* of the Church, which prove him to be as mere a mortal as any who have gone before him: and, indeed, I am ſo far from being angry with his morality, that I admire it beyond any other part of his character. N.

NUMBER XXIII.

On Saturday, and Abſurd Cleanlineſs.

My wife's of manners gentle, pure, and kind,
An honeſt heart—a moſt ingenuous mind:
Beauteous and gay, domeſtic without vice;
And but one fault—indeed ſhe's over nice.
Mops, pails, and bruſhes, duſters, matts, and ſoap,
Are ſcepters of controul—her joy, her hope.
Each day we ſcrub and ſcour houſe, yard, and limb,
And on a SATURDAY, ye Gods, we ſwim!

THOUGH Xantippe broke the head of of Socrates with a piſs-pot, and he had temper to bear it, with this eaſy remark, "That

"That after thunder rain generally follows;" —yet, if we had the old fellow amongſt us now, I believe we ſhould try his philoſophical patience on a Saturday. The rage of ſcouring and cleanſing is not peculiar to our houſe, for I find all my friends complain of the univerſal deluge on the Saturday. In ſhort, it is the vice of our Ladies; and what they call being only clean, is a general inconvenience to buſineſs and health.

If I was to give the journal of one of our Saturdays, I believe it might ſuit half the houſes in town. The day of cleaning begins, like the Sabbath of the Jews, on the Friday night, when we are ordered haſtily and early to bed—that the dining-room may be ſcrubbed out;—or elſe we are all crammed into a little parlour, and ſmothered, by the way of being cleanly. To accompliſh this, the ſtairs being juſt ſcoured down, we are all commanded to go up barefooted, though at the riſk of a tertian ague, or a ſore throat. Early in the morning the ſervants are rung up, and for the operation of the morning dreſſed accordingly;—and though ſmart enough on other occaſions, yet to ſee them in their Saturday's garb, for the mop and broom rencounter, you would ſwear they were Sybils, or Norwood Fortune-tellers. One of our girls, who is little and handſome, to accommodate herſelf to the taſk, is obliged to lower her head-dreſs half a foot, and put on a cloſe

a cloſe flat mob; as well as to deſcend from her ſtilts, which are uſually worn inſtead of ſhoes:—but when out of them, ſhe looks like *Titania*, who had been miſled by that merry wag and night-wanderer, Maſter *Puck*.

To get at the breakfaſt-room, I am under the neceſſity of wading over the ſhoes; and if I am not very accurate in my ſteerage, I am ſure to tumble over a pail, or break my ſhins acroſs the mop. The weather hath nothing to do with this aquatic operation: Froſt or ſnow, dry or wet, the houſe muſt be cleaned on that day: and while we are at breakfaſt, every door and window is opened to give a quick current to the air, that the rooms may be dried ſoon. By this means, unleſs clothed in furr, I am periſhed to death, and ſure to take cold. Arguments avail nothing. Miſtreſſes and ſervants are combined in the watery plot, and ſwim or drown is the only deſpotic alternative.

Sometimes I have pleaded for a room that hath not been uſed in the week;—but in vain:—the word *waſh* is general, and all muſt float, from the garret to the cellar. I once or twice in my life ventured to take a peep at the Cook and the Kitchen;—but, to be ſure no Fury could look ſo fierce;—her hair was diſhevelled about her ſhoulders—ſhe mounted on high pattens—her dreſſers covered with pots and pans, and her face all beſmeared with ſoot and brickduſt. The animals, too, upon this day of execution,

ſkulk

ſkulk into holes and corners—the dogs retreat with their tails between their legs to the ſtable—and poor domeſtic puſs is obliged to aſcend a beer-barrel in the cellar by way of throne, where ſhe purrs away her time, longing for the return of the dove and the olive branch, as much as Noah did in the old ſurgebeaten ark.

But theſe misfortunes are not all:—My Lady wife, and all the maids, as if by intuition or agreement, or inſpiration, or deviliſh witchcraft, are all in the dumps: they univerſally put on one face; and by the lip of Hebe I ſwear, for theſe laſt twelve years I have not ſeen a Saturday ſmile on their fair faces. I have often thought Mr. Addiſon took his hint of the firſt ſpeech in his Cato, from the laſt day of the week at his houſe; for great wits are very apt to adopt ſublime paſſages from very ludicrous hints; and though ſome people may call it a parody, I am rather inclined to believe it an original thought.

Th' dawn is overcaſt, the morning lowers,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day;
Th' important *Saturday*;
The great, th' important, humid *Saturday*,
Big with the fate *of Bucket*—and *of Broom!*

My ſtile, I fear, upon this dank ſubject carries with it ſome pleaſantry;—and if ſo, it is far from my intentions that it ſhould: for if one theme more than another can bring the chill

chill of dulneſs over my ſenſes, 'tis this, whenever it ariſes humidly to my mind.

My miſeries are not to be enumerated at once; and I dare ſay, what is my misfortune is the woful miſchance of many other worthy and unlucky gentlemen.

I am too often troubled with a bilious complaint, which is not very civil in the notice given; and conſequently coming upon a perſon ſuddenly, it puts him to a precipitate retreat: upon ſuch occaſions there is no other relief but the Temple of *Cloa*; whereto I as naturally fly in ſuch a momentous caſe, as a Portugueze does to the church for protection and relief. Here, ye River Gods attend!—Naiads of the ſtream, and Nereids of the wave—here poſſeſs your own hall!—for it is more fit for fiſhes than for men!—One of your own *Mermaids* hath been before me; and where I meant to place the dignity of my bottom, I with tears behold it wet—wet—wet! To fly is in vain—I muſt run the riſk of the chin-cough in my latter end, or an endleſs diſgrace to my ſmall-clothes.

Pity my diſtreſs; for 'tis dangerous to purſue the theme further, for fear of greater accidents! *Ad mea perpetuum deducite tempora carmen!*

This *Saturday* carries with it a general perſecution. It is not that we are haraſſed from room to room—floated from the cellar to the garret—waſhed out of the houſe of eaſe—and

ſtarved

ſtarved to death with thorough airs (than which there is nothing worſe), but our ſtomachs, our craving bellies, pinch for it too.

Nothing is to be fouled—all is to be reſerved for Sunday.—The dinner muſt be made of ſmall ſcraps—the pantry muſt be cleared, though the offals are muſty, and the bread is mouldy. If a friend, quite regardleſs of his own felicity, attempts to ſwim, like the adventurous Leander, through files and foreſts of implements of cleanlineſs, and gains the fireſide, a thouſand apologies are made for the Saturday's dinner—with, "I know him; ſuch "a one knows what's what—and Saturday's "Saturday every where." I feel confuſed for ſuch excuſe; but the laws of Media and Perſia will ſooner give way, than the adopted tyranny ſupported once a week in every manſion. I very often, to keep off the ague, draw a cork extraordinary, for there is poſitively nothing elſe left for it;—and if by misfortune a drop of wine ſullies the bright Bath lackered table, my Lady riſes with the dignity of a pontiff, and with a rubber labours for twenty miminutes againſt the ſpot:—for our tables you muſt know, ever ſince we got the receipt at Speenhamland for cleaning mahogany, would ſerve the purpoſe of looking-glaſſes;—and this is the brighteſt jewel in our diadem. Now, though my Lady-wife poſſeſſeth the virtues of *Dian*—yet the pleagues of Egypt never came

on

on the natives once a week, to which we are bound to ſubmit,—in ſpite of every argument ſalutary and feſtive.

I know but one wedded fair one who is a happy contradiction to this weekly rule of conduct—which is *Bellaflora*; who never is diſturbed by the waſhing; who always hath the ſame table covered, and the ſame temper to grace it; who never conſiders cleanlineſs further than as conducive to decency and health; and then embraces ſuch opportunities, that the very cat of the family ſhall not be under the diſtreſs of wetting her feet. The morning, early, is uſed to adjuſt theſe matters—the night, late—or abſent hours, which fall to the portion of every family. I would not wiſh the Scotch days of Cromwell to return amongſt us, when houſes in the city of Glaſgow were only cleanſed on family deaths and chriſtenings; which filth Oliver in ſome reſpects removed, by commanding to ſhovel out the dirt daily. But though cleanlineſs may be carried to a fault, yet I would rather have it, with all its inconveniencies, than Scotch filth.

N.

NUMBER XXIV.

Le je ne ſais quoi. *The I know not what.*

THE French ſay, *un je ne ſais quoi* is a certain ſomething which they cannot expreſs —*certaine chôſe qu'on ne peut exprimer.* Suppoſe we allow this to be an undefinable expreſſion, yet we will not allow it to be peculiar to that language; for every other tongue boaſts of ſomething like it, though the words are not altogether quite ſo happily adapted to the expreſſion. A *je ne ſais quoi* is generally confined to a compliment—as I have often ſaid myſelf of the lively Mrs. Petworth, that ſhe is not handſome, neither is ſhe elegant, neither is ſhe ſenſible, neither is ſhe good-natured; and yet there is an irreſiſtible Something about her that is very agreable and pleaſing; "an I know not "what," that recommends her every where.

This character ſeems to have been the peculiar grace in Lady Montague's fair Fatima: for although many Turkiſh Ladies were as beautiful and as elegant, yet the fair Fatima bore away every thing with her unaccountable *je ne ſais quoi.*

The Men, even, as well as the Women, have this hidden charm. *Charles Courteſy* is not handſome, or well made; nor is he ſenſible, or deep read;

read; nor does he dreſs well, or dance well; and yet Charles is univerſally coveted and admired by all the Fair Sex for poſſeſſing this charm, which even wit or genius cannot expreſs. My Lord Cheſterfield, whoſe name I pronounce with dread, has fallen off the perch of Folly, becauſe his Lordſhip never laughed, and hated every fellow that did; yet if any thing could be more prepoſterous than another in the riſible road, it muſt have been a Laughing Philoſopher. For my part, I ſee no ſin or ill-manners in a good honeſt laugh: and, indeed, I had as ſoon loſe my ſtomach as my laughter. Wit, that faculty of the ſoul, never creates more on the countenance, than a genteel ſoft curl of a ſmile: but Humour, that complexion of the heart, will produce a very horſe-laugh; ſuch as a Foote, a Shuter, or a Weſton produces, in ſpite of our cynical humours. And though his Lordſhip's claſſic elegance would not permit him to laugh, yet I believe any of the afore-mentioned excellent Comedians would have ſo highly provoked his riſible muſcles, that the pain of ſtifling a laugh would have produced a ghaſtly grin, ugly beyond every diſtortion of laughter.

But I muſt not touch this gentleman further, when I recollect, that at ſixty-three, he had three leſſons a week from his dancing-maſter; and that, when he allowed young Stanhope to be maſter of Greek, Latin, French, Italian, German, Logic, and Mathematics, he wrote

to

to him at Paris, at eighteen years of age, not to forget to clean his teeth with warm water once a-day.

But to the *je ne ſais quoi*, which Stanhope never could imbibe, though clyſtered eternally by ſo excellent a moral phyſician of the *bon ton*. His Lordſhip hath ſtruck out an idea, in his Twenty-fourth Letter, which he hath not brought to the true point; and for that purpoſe quotes Martial, in one of his Epigrams, and politely intimates, that nobody hath yet underſtood the author in this diſtich:

Non amo te, Sabidi, nec poſſum dicere quare.
Hoc tantum poſſum dicere, Non amo te.

Says his Lordſhip,

" It hath puzzled a great many people, who " cannot conceive how it is poſſible not to love " any body, and yet not to know the reaſon " why. I think I conceive Martial's meaning " very clearly, which the nature of Epigram " would not allow him to explain more fully. " And I take it to be this: O *Sabidis, you are* " *a very worthy deſerving man; you have a thou-* " *ſand good qualities; you have a great deal of* " *learning; I eſteem, I reſpect, but for the ſoul* " *of me I cannot love you, though I cannot parti-* " *cularly ſay why. You are not amiable, you have* " *not thoſe engaging manners, thoſe pleaſing at-* " *tentions, thoſe graces, and that addreſs, which* " *are abſolutely neceſſary to pleaſe, though impoſ-*

ſible

" *ſible to define. I cannot ſay it is this or that* " *particular thing that hinders me from loving* " *you; it is the whole together; and upon the* " *whole you are not agreeable.*" And thus his Lordſhip ſhould have ſaid of his reſpectable Hottentot: " Dr. Johnſon, notwithſtanding " your moral character, deep learning, and " ſuperior parts—yet your monſtrous manners, " and that hoſtility which you hourly commit " upon the Graces, keep me in an eternal fe- " ver while I am in your company. For " though you have a thouſand good qualities, " yet you want the moſt material one—the " *je ne ſais quoi*—to make me love you."

Now Martial, in his Epigram on Sabidis, means this very identical *je ne ſais quoi:* " Although he hath many qualities, yet there " is a ſomething, I know not what, about " him that is very diſagreeable."

The French never uſe this familiar phraſe but in the line of compliment; nevertheleſs, I am perfectly clear that it may be equally adapted to praiſe or cenſure, as Martial hath applied it to Sabidis, and Lord Cheſterfield to Dr. Johnſon. A wag, ſome years ago, tranſlated this Epigram, or rather applied it to one Dr. Fell, thus;

I do not love you, Dr. Fell;
The reaſon why I cannot tell:
But this indeed, I know full well,
I do not love you, Dr. Fell.

There

There is a play upon words in this that pleaſes, without ſtriking at the *je ne jais quoi* ſo particularly meant by Martial; and therefore I will ſhoot off the following imitation at the great *Pompoſo*, whom Lord Cheſterfield hath dubbed the *reſpectable Hottentot*; which Dr. Johnſon hath endeavoured to anſwer, but in a very ſplenetic manner, by ſaying, "his poſthumous Letters convey the morals of a Whore, and the manners of a Dancing-maſter."

To POMPOSO.

A moving Dictionary of words thou art;
And thou haſt wit, and lov'ſt 't as well as I;
But ſtill thy manner ſomething doth impart,
That makes me hate thee, and I can't tell why.

It is agreed on all hands, however, that there are men and women happy in poſſeſſing the agreeable, and equally otherwiſe in the diſagreeable *je ne ſais quoi*.

Sir *William Wimbleton* was a ſingular, whimſical, facetious, rich old codger of this kidney. Sir *William* had a knack of getting every body's good opinion and attention, and in a manner peculiar to himſelf. He was rich, had a good houſe, and lived well with all the people round the country; and this he obtained by a peculiar *je ne ſais quoi* of his own. Whenever he made a new acquaintance, he took

took an opportunity of hinting, at a very ſeaſonable hour of feſtivity, ſomething relative to his *will.* This made every body attentive, every body ſedulous and active to entertain him, in hopes of his death, and the ſign-manual in their favour. Sir *William* had no children, which always made his innuendoes more plauſible. Amongſt the reſt of the ſtrangers who came into Sir *William*'s neighbourhood, was Mr. *Hopewell,* a man of good eſtate, but not ſo rich as not to hope to have a little more. Sir *William,* upon his ſecond viſit, as the glaſs circulated, took an opportunity to whiſper his hoſt, in broken words, " that he had not chick " nor child—that life was doubtful—death " ſudden—that there was a ſomething about " Mr. *Hopewell* that had prejudiced him " much in his favour—that there were ſuch " things as codicils—but, come, my good " friend—another glaſs of wine—*et vive la* " *bagatelle.*"

This mortuary *je ne ſais quoi* was not a common one, except to Sir *William,* who found his good account in it, and who knowing the intereſted and mercenary diſpoſitions of mankind, extorted an attention by theſe hopes of a legacy, which otherwiſe he would never have had. Nothing drew ſuch attention as the good old Baronet; he was crammed with nice cates, ſeated in the ſoft chair by the fire, had always a glaſs of rich Cape wine before dinner, and

ale

ale and toaſt at table, with the very nutmeg grated by Mrs. *Hopewell*, who had died if good Sir *William* had not ſat upon her right hand. In this manner, for twenty years, did Sir *William* proceed, univerſally careſſed and attended to by all who knew him: his viſits were received with rapture, and his departure lamented with regret. All ſtudied to do honour to the old worthy Baronet; and though all ſtudied to indulge his humours, yet (aſide) all wiſhed him in his grave for the ſake of the legacy, ſo repeatedly aſſured of by his own faithful mouth.

Sir *William*, who knew well how to uſe the world to his purpoſe, purſued his ſcheme with univerſal ſucceſs; and if he chanced by a cold to be out of order, there is no deſcribing the various ſolicitudes for his health; and when he recovered, and came abroad, every face was clad in ſmiles, and every tongue moved glibly with congratulatory compliments. This he enjoyed; life was made flowery and pleaſing; and on this turnpike of eaſe and flattery he ſkaited down the ſurface of mortality, without a ſlip, ſlide, or a tumble; for no perſon was ſo much his own enemy as to ſay a croſs thing to the worthy Baronet.

At ſeventy-four Sir *William* was ſeized with the dead palſy; the phyſicians pronounced him a dead man; and as the days came on, the hopes of his friends increaſed: their caſe with the

the Baronet was like the tickets of the lottery; they all hoped while the grand prize was in the wheel. Time, who had put more ſand into his glaſs than uſual, prolonged its running; he never ſhook it to haſten its end; and by ſuch indulgence the good old man, without pain, ſaw company; and though he had loſt one ſide, he made ſhift to deal the cards with the other hand, and ſhuffled through life tranquil and pleaſant.

But death, which is common to all, though indulgent to him, could not ſuffer him to ſtay for ever, and ſo, with a ſharp ſtroke of the ſcythe, at eighty-four he died.

Perhaps no ſolicitude was equal to that of the people who had been promiſed his remembrance of them. The dining room was full; and while the executors were preparing to read the good man's will, the company ſeemed ſtrenuous to excel in their griefs; and according to their ſtrength of hope, ſhewed their ſobs, ſighs, and tears.

Mr. Parchment, Sir *William*'s lawyer, preceded the executors, and begged leave to read the laſt will and teſtament; which with prickt-up open ears every perſon ſhewed an attention to; and for the moment, ſighs, ſobs, and tears were ſuſpended, and handkerchiefs laid aſide. 'Twas thus;

"In the name of God, Amen. I Sir *Wil-*
"*liam Wimbleton, mens ſana, in corpore ſano,*
"do leave and bequeath my *mortuary je ne*

" *ſais quoi* to my kind friends in general; and " my eſtates, perſonal and acquired, to the " Magdalen."

Such faintings, ſqualings, cryings, execratings, roarings, and curſings, perhaps were never uttered under one roof before, where a dead man lay; and who, though viſited by thouſands while living, had only the undertaker to ſee him put into the ground.

But ſince I have interred Sir *William*, who was bleſſed with a whimſical method of impoſing on the world, I ſhall endeavour to ſay what this undefinable *je ne ſais quoi* is:

" It is the very compound of glorious quali- " ties—the breath of words, the ſoul of acti- " on—the brighteſt luſtre of all beauties. It is " the life and ſoul of all virtues and perfections. " It is the grace of language and the charm of " taſte. It conſiſts in a certain air of the " Graces, *un agrément*, which has not a name. " We call it a charm, becauſe it more immedi- " ately is connected with the heart, and is im- " perceptible. It is a lively air in the mien of " the poſſeſſor, and ſtamps the man polite and " well-bred.

" In ſhort, it is Wit, Spirit, Grace, and Va- " lour."

" *Mais il eſt plus aiſé de le ſentir, que de le* " *connoître.*"

N.

NUMBER

NUMBER XXV.

Dear Momus,

As you are a merry mortal, you are a man quite after my own heart: I have ever loved laughing from my cradle, and am never ſo happy—though I have read Lord Cheſterfield's ſmart ſtrokes at us—as when I am *holding both my ſides*, during the recital of a facetious ſtory, or the exhibition of a farcical character. I am, indeed, ſo much diſpoſed to merriment, that I often think a couple of lines in one of *Chaucer*'s Canterbury Tales modernized, may, with no ſmall propriety, be applied to *me*.

"Loudly he laugh'd, and heartily he ſpoke,
"His voice was mirth, his very look a joke."

Now, only put *ſhe* and *her*, for *he* and *his*, and you ſee *me* before you.

You cannot imagine how many laughable incidents I met with in *one day* this week. I will give you a true and particular account of them, becauſe I dare ſay, ſome of your readers will be diverted with them; I am ſure they will, if they are as merry as I am. The firſt thing which tickled my fancy in the morning was the awkwardneſs of my maid—a country girl—as *gauche* as you pleaſe—who thinking, I ſuppoſe, of the

pleaſures of town, put on my cap the hind part before. At the ſight of my head, in the glaſs, in ſo new a ſtyle, (there is no doing any thing in this age, Mr. Momus, you know, without a ſtyle) I could not help laughing out; I actually ſhouted, and quite diſconcerted my head-dreſſer. Poor Sukey, vexed to death at her whimſical blunder, intreated me to let her put my cap on in the right place, but to no purpoſe.—"No, Sukey," ſaid I, "all ſides of ſuch a three-cornered bauble are alike, and you have fixed it ſo as to look vaſtly becoming." Soon after I was dreſt, my lover plainly was of that opinion; for when he had made me not a few fine ſpeeches, he attempted, upon Sukey's leaving the room, to ſnatch a kiſs: but I diſappointed him in the drolleſt manner; for ſeeing his deſign in his eyes, (the fellow has a pair of very ſignificant eyes) I whipped my head aſide before he reached my lips, and by ſo doing, made him come plump againſt the dreſſing-glaſs, before which I was ſitting. This little diſgrace, however, did not ſpoil his poetical genius; for he launched out immediately into metaphors and compariſons—told me, in a kind of half verſe half proſe, that my heart was as cold as the mirror which reflected my beauties, and brought in ſomething about a ſubſtance and ſhadow, in ſo ſublime a *ſtyle*, that he threw me into an immoderate fit of laughter, and I really began to think the poor man was not a little *touched*; for

for he ran out of the room as faſt as if he had felt a cracker tied to his *queue.* Some women, now, in my ſituation, would certainly have called him back; but I happening to have a ſtronger appetite for my breakfaſt, ſat down to my tea, cake, and Chronicle. The firſt paragraph I read, was an account of old lady *Waddle*'s having carried off her foot-boy in a poſt-chaiſe and four to Scotland, leſt her grand-children ſhould have oppoſed her virtuous inclinations; and this inverſion of the order of things produced ſo many comic conceits, that I was almoſt choaked by them.

When I roſe from breakfaſt, I called for my hat, and determined to go on foot to Miſs *Tittle-Tattle,* to enquire into the *authenticity*—there's a clever word—of the *Waddle* intelligence. With my hat, Sukey brought Richard to attend me; but the poor devil's hair was ſo undreſt, his ruffles were ſo dirty, and his noſegay ſo withered, that I fancied people would ſay I had picked up a loſing Lord, who had ſpent the evening at Lady Harridan's rout. As ſoon, therefore, as I recovered from the *convulſions* into which his appearance, and the ideas occaſioned by it, had thrown me, I ordered him to return to the lower regions, and ſallied out by myſelf. Not being uſed to walk the ſtreets, I found them ſo full of people that I could hardly get along. Meeting with a genteel young fellow who went to give me the wall, I ran, thro'

mere giddineſs, towards the kennel, then back again, and ſo to the kennel, and ſo to the wall, till at laſt I burſt out into a loud laugh in my Gentleman's face, who had followed all my irregular movements, and embarraſſed him to ſuch a degree, that he thought proper—not without ſome reflections unfavourable to my underſtanding, perhaps—to go on how I pleaſed. Finding the croud thicken, I blundered into an auction. There an old Lady, near eighty, bidding for a China doll, which had probably been the plaything of a child in a white frock, put me into ſuch a titter, that the eyes of the whole room were upon me: and as I did not know, being quite alone, but that I might be ſet up myſelf for the next lot, making rather a whimſical appearance, I hurried down ſtairs as faſt as I could. On my running againſt an honeſt car-man, as dirty as the devil himſelf, he ſtared full at me, and with a long whew, cried, "G—d bleſs the women, how they do love to bedizen themſelves! One hardly knows what they are; from the higheſt to the loweſt, they all look like Lady Betties." I was ready to burſt at the fellow's facetiouſneſs; and ſtill more inclined to holla, when a brazen girl, drawing an orange barrow, impudently replied, "Lady Betties, do you call them? common wh—s, you mean; they are all ſo, from the top to the bottom; it is only their rigging which makes the difference.—Why now, don't you think, if I had

had *that there* hat and cap on, I ſhould look quite as handſome as *ſhe?*" Theſe judicious obſervations increaſed my mirth; but as I did not want to hear a continuance of them, I puſhed on, leſt the deliverer of them might actually lay violent hands upon what ſhe imagined would become her ſo well.

By this time I reached Miſs *Tittle Tattle*'s door; and was from thence conducted to her dreſſing room. This young Lady, (of five-and-fifty) as long as a lath, as lean as a rabbit, as wrinkled as an ape, and as grey as a badger, was practiſing an *Allemande* with young *Capriole*, her dancing-maſter. The moment I got within ſight of her attitudes, I broke out into ſuch pales of laughter, that *Capriole* was greatly diſconcerted, but the Lady ſtood her ground bravely; nor could either my mirth or my moralizing convince her that ſhe made the moſt ridiculous figure in the univerſe. I left her, therefore, to to enjoy her *tête-à-tête*, and went directly to Lady *Cheatful*'s; not in the leaſt, however, expecting to find her at home; but for once I was miſtaken; ſhe was not only in her dreſſing-room, but had ſuch a crowd about her, that I could hardly find a ſeat. And what mighty affair, now, do you think, engaged the attention of this circle? A very laughable one, I aſſure you. An *Authoreſs* had invited herſelf to read her play: Miſs Charlotte told me in a whiſper, that ſhe was come to the laſt Scene but one of the

laſt Act, and that none of them could tell whether it was a Tragedy or a Comedy.—"Oh, (replied I, laughing at the conceit) I will decide this matter in an inſtant;" and the miſerable plight, indeed, in which the *dramatic Lady* appeared (for ſhe had a very meagre countenance, and her noſe was crammed with Scotch ſnuff) made me at firſt apprehend that her piece had been compoſed under the direction of Mrs. *Melpomene*; but when I heard her with a pert ſhrill tone deliver her dialogue; and when I ſaw her, with a wide extenſion of her jaws, endeavouring to ſtretch her frightful face into a ſmile, (or rather an horrible grin) while ſhe twiſted her crazy carcaſe into a thouſand affected and uncouth attitudes; I, with a ſhout, pronounced it to be a Comedy: and my deciſion was ſo well received by all the company, that it was immediately echoed round the room. But the poor ſcribbling woman was thrown into prodigious fuſs by our merriment, and began to explain the *denouement* of her piece: however, as ſhe found it impoſſible to make us *ſeriouſly incline* to hear her *unravelling* converſation, ſhe took her leave with a face only fit to appear in a funeral proceſſion.

As ſoon as this diſmal votary of the Comic Muſe had removed herſelf, ſome of the women began to be very buſy about *me*, and to peep under my hat. "La! what a queer cap you have got on, *Meg!*" ſaid two or three of them.

"Aye,"

"Aye," replied I, with an arch ſmile, "it is a new faſhion, for all that." "Is it indeed?" ſaid a raw girl, who had not been in town above a week, and had been brought from the mountains of Wales: "Shall *I* have one?" added ſhe, turning to Charlotte. "By all means," anſwered ſhe, winking at *me*, while ſhe took off my hat. Mum was the word; and I offered my cap to this little *Ignoramus*, who ſeemed to be charmed with my *civility*, as ſhe called it. Charlotte lent me a *Fly* of hers, and inſiſted on my ſtaying dinner, that I might help to keep up the laugh at their Welch couſin; which did not in the leaſt flag, till a violent rap at the door made me ſtart from my chair; and I then told my friends, that, "if I had known they expected company, they ſhould not have kept me in ſuch a trim." "'Tis only Mrs. Fuſſock," cried Lady Chearful; "never mind your hat; we will tell her that we are going to mob it at the Play." The very idea of a mobbing ſcheme diverted me beyond expreſſion, and my diverſion was not leſſened by the entrance of the fidgetting Mrs. Fuſſock, and her fat daughter, followed by Sir *James Clutterbuck* and Captain *Ironſide*; the former of whom has a hawke's eye at the Dowager's jointure; and the latter keeps a ſharp look out after every ten-thouſand-pounder who comes in his way. "Lord bleſs me," cried Miſs Fuſſock, lifting up the corner of my cap upon the head of our Gothic *Cuz*, "what

have you got here?"—"'Tis entirely a new faſhion, Madam, I aſſure you," replied Miſs *Winifred*, exceſſively delighted at having her dreſs taken notice of.—"A new faſhion!" anſwered Mrs. Fuſſock: "who told you ſo, my dear? 'Tis only a *Bar-maid*, turned the hind part before." This anſwer made me laugh immoderately, and affected both Sir James and the Captain exactly in the ſame manner, ſo that we three in a *Trio* ſet the whole room in a roar; yet all our laughter did not convince our couſin that ſhe had been impoſed upon; ſhe ſeemed, on the contrary, to pride herſelf in being ſingularly elegant. While *we* ſhouted at ſeeing her take the impoſition ſo ſeriouſly, the men drank ſucceſs to the *Cöiffure àla-mode*. In ſhort, we were exceedingly ſociable till Lady Chearful, who ſhines in doing the honours of her table, obſerving that Miſs Fuſſock looked vaſtly ſqueamiſh, and toſſed about every thing upon her plate which was given her in a ſtrange manner, told her, ſhe was afraid ſhe had not got what ſhe liked. The aukward animal replied, that ſhe had been always accuſtomed to eat with a *three-pronged* fork, and that ſhe really did not know how to take up her food with any other. There was ſo much pleaſantry, I thought, in this declaration, that I laughed till I cried. Lady Chearful then apprehending, I ſuppoſe, that my mirth might embarraſs the young lady, gave a turn to the converſation,

by

by acquainting her with our deſign to mob it in the Middle Gallery. The gentlemen immediately deſired to be of our party, when it was aſked, to which houſe we intended to go, and to what play? "Not to a tragedy, replied I: I cannot anſwer for my conduct at the repreſentation of a piece full of blood and blank verſe. I was never but at one tragedy in my life, and that was the *Mourning Bride*, (the very title of which diverted me not a little); but the *cup of poiſon* happening to fall, rolled in a circular motion about the ſtage, and threw me, ſitting in the ſtage-box, into ſuch a titter, that I not only diſturbed the audience, but even the actors themſelves, who would gladly have given a good deal, I believe, to have got rid of me. Pray let us go to a Comedy, then, I beſeech you." —My motion being ſeconded, and carried *nem. con. without a ſingle debate, or a diſſenting voice*, coaches were ordered, and we were ſtuffed into them by fives and ſixes; ſome of us ſitting in the laps of our fellows, and treading on their toes, through mere want of room. Poor Sir James frequently roared out with pain, and I roared as loud with laughter. For the increaſe of our mirth, when we got to the Houſe, the Gallery was full; and we could not think of venturing either upon the Stage, or into the ſide, or even the front Boxes. As we were all undreſſed, the Pit was propoſed; but Mrs. Fuſſock *proteſted* ſhe would rather *die* than ſit among Lawyers' clerks, and dirty Tradeſmens;

mens wives and daughters. "Who knows," added ſhe, "but I may be elbowed by my Butcher, and catch ſomething of my Poulterer not to be named with any decency?" We ſcreamed at the delicacy of our feelings, and began to ſhrug ourſelves; but as *Garrick* was to *play*, nobody cared to go home; and on Lady Chearful declaring that ſhe had heard the common ſort of people were extremely happy in ſqueezing into the Play-houſe, though they loſt half their cloaths, Captain Ironſide added, "Yes, faith, Madam, and half their bodies too. I once, you muſt know, crouded into this Houſe after a ſtrange, ſquab woman, who exclaimed, in a terrifying tone, that ſhe ſhould be pulled to pieces. I did not believe her, yet I found that what ſhe ſaid was nothing leſs than the truth; for ſhe ſoon dropped one of her legs, a row of teeth quitted her jaw at once, and her right eye fell into her hand. Still, however, ſhe holla'd and ſhrieked, and made more noiſe than a dozen whole women put together!"—It is not to be told how we laughed at this account; and as we all dreaded, though not altogether in the above gentlewoman's ſituation, to be torn piece-meal, we thought it better to laugh at home in ſecurity, than to venture our poor ſlight carcaſes to be ſhook to atoms, and to ſee our legs, teeth, and eyes toſſed about us.—In returning, it came into my head to call upon Mrs. Smugglecard: I had owed

owed her a viſit a great while, and did not mind my dreſs, as I never met any body at her houſe in my life—but on her *Nights*. I therefore, deſired Lady Chearful to ſet me down; but ſhe ſaid ſhe would wait for me. John thundered at the door as if he would have made it fly from its hinges: a little ſhabby foot-boy appeared in a greaſy frock, and ſlip-ſhod, from having chilblains, with an inch of candle in his hand. Upon my aſking if Mrs. Smuggle-card was at home, he liſped out, "Yes." I then tripped into the houſe, followed by *Charlotte* and *Win.*—Juſt as we had reached the bottom of the ſtair-caſe, which was lighted up, a pert Abigail came up to the boy, and given, him a twitch by the ſleeve, ſaid: "You know my Lady is not at home." "Never mind it," ſaid I to Charlotte, (who hung back) ſtepping up ſtairs; "I'll go and ſee." Accordingly I ruſhed into the dining-room, and there was my Gentlewoman with a private party, in the very height of a ſmart altercation about a light guinea, which one of the company had put into the Pool. The dialogue was both diverting and ingenious; and I laughed at ſuch a rate, that I diſconcerted *them* and myſelf too. I then ran back to the coach, that I might vent my mirth.—Lady Chearful would fain have had me ſup with her; but I begged to be excuſed, as I had no ſervant; and did not chuſe, it being the Queen's Birth-night, to truſt myſelf out late,

late, well knowing that my natural propenſity to laughing might expoſe me to ſome liberties I ſhould not have reliſhed. She complied with my requeſt; but juſt as we turned into Bond-ſtreet, a ſquib was thrown into the coach-window: Charlotte and *Win* ſcreamed, my Lady pulled the check-ſtring, and I gave a looſe to my *riſibility*—(a word I have heard my Guardian uſe, Mr. *Momus* —and, therefore, pray don't find fault with it) in ſuch a manner that we had ſoon a mob about us. The two girls were lugged out of the coach, as pale as a couple of *ghoſts*, while I fell to the lot of an handſome young fellow, who carried me into a ſhop, where the people left their cuſtomers to bring me hartſhorn drops in water to drink, and *eau de luce* to my noſe, rubbing my temples, at the ſame time, with lavender water. I was now actually convulſed with laughter at their ſuppoſing me to be frightened, and miſtaking my laughing-fit for an *hyſteric* one: in ſhort they repeated their remedies, almoſt rubbed the ſkin off my face, and half-drowned me with different kinds of water.—At laſt Lady Chearful delivered me out of their hands, and telling me me with a good-humoured ſmile, that my mirth was unſeaſonable, that it would certainly bring me into ſome miſchief one day—ſet me down at my uncle's. There I laughed louder than I had yet done the whole day, as I found him and my aunt in a ridiculous diſpute whether

ther they ſhould, or ſhould not, put out lights. My uncle, though he had been, within the week, appointed to a conſiderable employment in the Houſehold, had not thought, being a man of no parade, of making himſelf conſpicuous, by exhibiting lamps upon the occaſion: my aunt, therefore, inſiſted upon having flambeaus placed on the iron rails, but was vehemently oppoſed by her huſband, and really appeared to be in ſo fiery a condition, that I did not chuſe to remain within the reach of her reſentment.—Both ſhe and my uncle, indeed, carried on ſo inflammatory a converſation, that I judged it moſt prudent (for with all my riſibility I am ſometimes *cautious and ſage*) to retire to my own apartment. And thus ended the laughable Adventures of a Day, which I cannot, at this moment, recollect without ſome *agitation of my ſhoulders*. I am, dear Momus,

Your conſtant reader and admirer,

MARGARET MIRTH.

NUMBER XXVI.

Now, therefore, while the youthful hue
Sits on thy ſkin, like morning dew;
Let us roll all our ſtrength, and all
Our ſweetneſs, up into one ball;
And tear our pleaſures with rough ſtrife,
Thorough the iron gates of life.
Thus, though we cannot make our Sun
Stand ſtill, yet we will make him run.

ANDREW MARVELL'S COY MISTRESS.

LAUGH and grow fat, has been an adage of long ſtanding, and univerſally approved and adopted. In ſhort, ſoul and body ſhould be kept in ſtrict harmony with each other; nor ſhould a key be out of tune in the Human Inſtrument: for then diſſonance muſt ſucceed, where we had a right to expect harmony. I often ſmile at the troubles, purſuits, and perplexities of this whirligig life; and though very few men have enjoyed the ſweets of it more than myſelf, yet I cannot help laughing at all our human purſuits, as trifling, frivolous, empty, and inſignificant. The old philoſophers, who were guided by good ſenſe and reaſon to their pleaſures, have ſaid, with great truth, that no human Being can be happy

py who is not eaſy. This is literally true; and every Coxcomb, Pedant, and Man of Genius proves the maxim to be juſt every day. Moſt men have the ſame cares, and the ſame troubles in general, though ſome are more deſirous and inventive than others to create them. I will now take a view of a plain man, from the morning to the evening;—a man neither diſſipated nor recluſe—a moderate man in his vices and his virtues—neither gay nor ſlovenly—neither very fat or very lean—and from him I will draw an account of debtor and creditor, and ſee how far the diſagreeable things of life ſurpaſs the agreeable. After a good night's reſt, or a bad one, he riſes to dreſs: perhaps the moment he is out of bed he begins to cough, which declares a pectoral complaint; to ſneeze, which ſhews a cold in the head; or perhaps he has a ſore throat, or a rheumatiſm, or ſome one of the multiplicity of diſeaſes to which human nature is ſubject. Then he has to ſwathe, to gargle, and to ſwallow balſamic mixtures. If he is in health, he is under the obligation of waſhing, combing, and ſhaving, to keep his perſon ſweet; to ſhift, to dreſs, to powder, and to cleanſe his teeth, which is more neceſſary for a man's head (ſays Cheſterfield) than the claſſics. Perhaps, in going through theſe troubles, the barber cuts his face, or burns his ear; and to be a man of the *Ton*, and to do as other butterflies do, he muſt have a

chapeau

chapeau de bras, though his ſkull is periſhed; he muſt have his cloaths of ſilk, which will not button, and ſo ſtiff that he cannot move in them; and perhaps his feet pinched in a pair of ſmall pumps, which, before he ſallied forth, he had laboured an hour to get on. Theſe neceſſary circumſtances accompliſhed for his appearance abroad, the firſt thing he hears throws him into a fit of melancholy: a loſs in trade—the ingratitude of friends—the death of a favourite female—or a trimming ſatire is put into his hands by one of his intimate acquaintance the firſt coffee-houſe he enters. One of theſe is ſufficient to deſtroy his appetite; he is fretful and peeviſh the remainder of the day; his wife don't mitigate it, or his miſtreſs burleſques it, and ſo he is rendered miſerable for the twenty-four hours: and take men in general, they never paſs the forty-eight hours without either pains, cares, ſickneſſes, or diſappointments. If young men, they are tortured in love; if middle-aged, teazed by the inconſtancy of a wife or miſtreſs; if old, jilted and impoſed upon by both or either. Then, the diſeaſes which the body is continually ſubject to produce an expence, and lay the taſte under a curſed quarantine of obſerving regimen, good hours, and ſwallowing boluſes and potions without end or count. Beſides theſe, the variety of accidents which the body is always liable to, ſeldom lets it eſcape long without a

cut,

cut, a bruiſe, or a ſprain; and all theſe we endure to preſerve a paltry exiſtence of forty-five years: for, after that period, not one man in the million is fit for the ſociety of men, and leſs for the company of women. But notwithſtanding theſe painful circumſtances, to which every human creature is ſubject, Man is expoſed to a thouſand other warfares, which would fill a column to enumerate them. The inclemency of elements is for ever a diſappointment; the ingratitude of friends, and the inſults of foes he is always expoſed to; beſides loſſes in trade and eſtate, &c. &c. &c. To balance this long liſt of ills, woes, and evils, what is the credit of poor, motley, mortal man? A little ſun-ſhine, a little health, a ſprinkle for a few hours of mutual love, a *wee* bit of admiration, a particle of praiſe, a glaſs of jollity, an atom of gratitude, a thimbleful of friendſhip, a purſe of money, ſome *ſavoir vivre*, without a knowledge of happineſs; and with all the knowledge that he poſſeſſes, he only knows how very little he does know! Thus, after a ſeries of pains and ſorrows, cares and labours, fatigues and anxieties, to preſerve a body, and accumulate a little wealth, he is obliged to lay up the veſſel of life amongſt the rubbiſh of the harbour, from whence the hull never launches more; and in this long-winded career, he has never thought to give the ſoul a chance of future felicity; but has ſpent all his

pains

pains and labour in patching, ornamenting, gilding, and ſtuffing the external caſe, which is not of ſo much conſequence as the caſe of a watch; nor is the inward motion of the bowels half ſo regular, or the ſenſe ſo true as the machine; which ſtill proves the weakneſs of the race in general, when a fellow-creature can conſtruct a time-piece to be more regular and informing than himſelf.

For my own part, I have ſo long and ſo diſtinctly obſerved this error, that I have reſolved upon the plan of keeping a perpetual harmony in the conſtitution and government of the State of Man. I uſe much walking exerciſe, which gives me ſpirits to enjoy my friends, and activity of mind to write to you; it gives me a charming reliſh for my victuals, and a pleaſurable thirſt that makes me taſte the flavour of my wine. I dig my own garden, prune my trees, trim my exotic plants, ſhift my bulbous roots, raiſe my ſallads, and gather my own fruits. My houſe is ſmall and neat, my wife is fair and clean, my ſervant affectionate and grateful, my dog attentive and vigilant. The pleaſures of the Town I enjoy as they turn up, without courting, or ardently purſuing them. I help thoſe which are innocent, and I ſatirize thoſe which are offenſive, and below the dignity of Society. I ſcribble for the Stage, but I write with zeal in defence of the Liberties of my Country and America.

My

My table is ſimple; a leg of mutton and a bottle of port is all I pretend to, and my friends partake of it with good nature and eaſe. Thus I live upon land; and when I ſpread my airy wings, my life is equally uniform. But I have ever lamented that curſe in a marine ſtate, which cuts off the bewitching, the cordial joy of life, a ſweet and beauteous Woman. The loſs of the ſex and the vegetable creation are two bleſſings which every ſailor hath much reaſon to repine for. But ſtill I have companions of a pleaſing nature, who never leave me, though the billows of the mighty ocean daſh to the welkin, and waſh the face of the blazing ſun. Horror magnificent! for while the chill winds whiſtle through the tight-ſet ſhrouds, the Muſes deign to attend me, and rhime ſpontaneous lulls and beguiles a moſt turgid and perturbed time. With this picture of felicity, in which the ſmiles, the little laughs, the joys, and the horſe-laughs, dance hand in hand with wreaths of flowers, and upon velvet feet trip lightly on the gay fantaſtic toe; yet *Momus* hath himſelf the ſullen hour of gloomy, murky care; he meets with ill returns from men, to whom he hath done ſome good; and ſickneſs, though of light caſt, invades his health at times, and breaks in upon thoſe feſtive moments, which would lead to deſtruction without ſuch a reminding monitor. Adverſity to man is the happieſt leſſon; or the giddy creature would

be

be ſo tranſported with the idea of his little exiſtence, that he would flirt in the glare of light, like the gauzy giddy moth, until he ſinged his little ſilken wings. But ſickneſs pauſes the hot and rapid career of vice and folly, and makes men reflect and be ſteady; when, without ſuch a monitor, they had raſhly and unthinkingly galloped the ſnorting ſteed of pleaſure, and rode head long down the precipice of wo and ruin.

At preſent nor care nor ſickneſs viſits my roof, but the crinks, and cranks and wreathed ſmiles in circles maze the hours away.

But in raiſing the conſtruction of human happineſs, a great deal depends upon a man's ſelf, and more upon his Wife. Good-nature in the latter is the *ceſtus* of domeſtic pleaſure; ſhe ſhould be low when he is high, and rather try to convince him of his errors by example, than by arguments pointed and harſh: it is with her to conſole, it is with him to delight; it is with her to tranſport, it is with him to ſupport. But after all is ſaid on this ſublunary ſubject, life is at beſt but a toy; it pleaſes our fancies for a while, till prying like children too minutely into its contents, we break the rattle, and lament our fatal curioſity.

I.

Why is all this care and racket
To extend the ſpan of life?

We

We muſt all board Charon's packet,
Sons of Eaſe, or Sons of Strife.

II.

'Tis a thing ſcarce worth preſerving,
When we're curs'd to live by rule;
All our pleaſure is in ſwerving,
Cramming full, and going to ——

III.

Life's a ſcene of empty riot,
Quite a motley, giddy rout;
Never eaſy, never quiet,
Putting in, and putting out.

N.

NUMBER XXVII.

Nihil eſt, nihil deeſt.—Ridere mecum ſoleo.

I have little, I want nothing.—I laugh at all.

I HEAR and ſee what every perſon does, and laugh at all their plagues, vanities and follies, which are numerous enough to keep a man in an eternal grin. I called upon a modern fine Beau the other day, whom I found reading under the hands of his Friſeur: I commended his attention, and aſſured him I was pleaſed to find that his mind was ſo well bent on his mental improvement; and that time was ſo precious

precious to him, that he was meritoriouſly reſolved not to loſe an hour of it. "Why, ſays he, Old Fuz the Philoſopher, you may be even miſtaken here, with all that periwigomenos knowledge of yours. You know, Old Boy, I for paſs a damn'd clever fellow in the world, a Man of Letters, and the Faſhions; and believe me, Old Square-toes, that ſince I left the ferula, I have never looked into a book but while my hair was dreſſing: and therefore do not rail at the *Ton*; for you ſee by the mode I have gained all my ſapience; and, as folks are in general, I am ſolely and wholly indebted to my head for it." I own I marvelled at the declaration; and ſince young men are determined never to read but while under the Barber's hands, I am reſolved never to cenſure hair-dreſſing again, as it is productive of ſome good towards the underſtanding of man; and therefore, I only write my Eſſays of a *hair-dreſſing* length, in hopes that the Lucubrations of Momus may employ them for a few minutes. I wiſh the Ladies would alſo devote a little of the ſame time to reading; but they do ſo immediately ſtudy the glaſs, while they are before it, that they cannot ſpare an eye to look one minute on a book.

I left this flippant Beau of the age, and called upon my ſenſible friend *Ned Nautilus*. I found him ſurrounded with papers, and many of

of his friends in the adjoining apartment. Hearing my voice, he came forth, and with much pleaſantry began a true cenſure on the follies and faſhions of London. "You ſee, my dear Momus, ſaid he, I am juſt out of bed, without having had a wink of ſleep for the night; for you muſt know, my routine of conviviality is ſuch, that I am under the neceſſity of giving up half the day and half the night to the company of my friends. As ſoon as I riſe in the morning, I am waſhing and ſcrubbing with the coldeſt water to revive me after the night's intemperance; down I flounce half-awake, hurry to the pen and ink, and am too haſty to do any thing well; ſo I ſcribble at a violent rate for two hours to keep peace with my various buſineſſes. By the hour of eleven my friends good-naturedly call upon me, to ſee my wife, aſk the news of the day, diſcharge their complaints, or be entertained by me. At two, with difficulty I get from the Barber's hands dreſt, and ſteal an hour down Rotten-row or the Park; and there I revive my ſpirits with the meridian air and the Beauties eyes; for, indeed, thro' life, Mr. Momus, I have ever felt an amazing recruit of ſpirits from the bewitching charms of Beauty. By the time this lounge is expired, it is time to go to dinner with my friends, which cloſes-in the evening, and Quadrille concludes till ſupper. Supper, though an unwholeſome meal,

is more feſtive and joyous than any other; and when the company are well put together, which is the niceſt thing in the maſter of a houſe to perform, wit and good-humour beguiles the time; and the watchman is the firſt diſſonant monitor, whoſe raven-croak aſſures you of its being paſt three o'clock, when your ſpirits would have rather wiſhed it to have been twelve. To bed I hurry as faſt as poſſible, and being long-uſed to the tranquillity of the country, I ſtill find that even fatigue itſelf ill fits me to repoſe in town; ſo, perhaps, before I have been aſleep an hour, I am waked with the watchmen joining in a ſepulchral chorus, or a phalanx of Iriſh-chairmen bawling out "*Odd Man!*" or drawing of their chairs one againſt another to get the firſt fare. I breathe a curſe, turn on the other ſide, cenſure my Lady's taſte for chuſing her bedroom forward, growl at the *Ton* and the Town, and drop in a ſurly ſlumber again. At five, I ſtart with the noiſe of carts and coaches (for you muſt know we have a lodging in the moſt frequented ſtreet in London, and only to be in the World, as the ſaying is), or the wringing of a bell, whoſe maſter has a ſet of lungs fit to repair the bellows of a black-ſmith, with which he bawls inceſſantly, "Duſt, Duſt, Oh!"—He hath not paſſed long in recitativo before he is ſucceeded by half a dozen chimney-ſweepers, at leaſt: theſe cloſe the firſt act,

act, and make it ſeven. Then "Old Clothes" are bellowed high and low from every Hebrew throat, and ſo loud and ſo long, that I would compound to give them all my habiliments for another hour's ſleep; but in vain; there is no peace for me; for their croaking is ſucceeded by the ſcreaming of the milk-women, who pierce every ear above with their crying to thoſe below *Alow!* Coaches at eight increaſe upon my ear; yet that is a rumble of an equal ſound, and ſuch as I ſhould not fret under. But my patience is at laſt exhauſted; for no human ear, or feeling, or underſtanding, can reſiſt rage at the rattling of the Morning-Poſt horn, which awakes it as thoroughly as the laſt trumpet: in fact, it is the concluding argument to every attempt to ſleep; and if a man in theſe wanton days is not quite ſo happy with his *cara ſpoſa*, it puts troubleſome ideas into his head, and makes him put his hand to his forehead, and that very time he was about to place it more agreeably: but this is the *Ton*, and place of faſhionable ſituation. Unable to bear up any longer againſt ſuch attacks, I leap out of bed, and commence the day again as you now ſee, my dear Momus, half-awake and half-aſleep. Theſe are the damned things of this whirly-gigg Town, which I have embraced inſtead of peace, tranquillity, ſweet ſalubrious air, refreſhing regular ſleep, great

ſpirits, a good ſtomach, and good health; all for the *Ton*, and the *Savoir Vivre*."

Thus, while I am concerning myſelf for my fate alive, others are ſtudying for their ſituation when dead. A man of the Ton, who had lived in the pink of the mode and moved on a red heel, buried his wife and daughter in a large family mauſoleum, as a mortuary minute-room. He placed the Ladies up-right in their coffins, with their hair dreſſed in the mode, and decorated in diamonds and moſt jubilee cloths, ready to let off a minuet or a cotillon, whichever may be called for at the laſt muſic; ſince which he is dead, and interred by his will in the ſame hornpipe ſtyle. ——Upon my word, the family make a very pretty appearance; and the Lady with Narciſſa ſaid:

"Pray, Betty, give theſe cheeks a little red;
"For nought's ſo ſhocking as a pale face dead."

Another of theſe whimſical Gentlemen was depoſited in another ſtyle, being determined not to be interrupted or diſturbed by any muſic, whether the fiddle of Giardini or the bagpipe of Allan Ramſay; and therefore he had an enormous ſtone ſunk down ten feet upon his coffin, to ſettle him in his grave, and to prevent any diſturbances in the night: and upon the ſtone he had an inſcription to ſignify who and what he was. This dry old Codger was an

Antiqua-

Antiquarian, and died with the pleaſing idea, that he ſhould puzzle ſome of his followers to account for the depreſſion of this enormous ſtone in future.

But to be riſible to the laſt, and merry to the mortuary moment, I give you my honour I do not care what becomes of me dead, provided you will indulge me living with tranquillity, peace, and joyous paſtime:

For man's a vapour full of woes;
He cuts a caper, and down he goes. N.

NUMBER XXVIII.

The Mode ſhould all controul; nay, even Paſſion,
Senſe, Appetite, and All, give way to Faſhion. GARRICK's Prologue.

IT is no ſort of argument with me, whether the variety of Faſhion helps or hurts Trade; I only take it up in the light, how far it is abſurd and ridiculous. Shakeſpeare ſays in ſome part of his Works, the more abſurd and particular a man is in the garments he wears, the more or leſs it declares his mental inſanity; and therefore, if any exterior marks declare the madneſs of an age, to be ſure this Iſland never bore ſo excellent a crop before.

The Ladies ſtudy the powder of dreſs for the ſake of admiration—and they vary it whenever

they find the reſt of the ſex have adopted it. But the great error of faſhionable Dreſſing in men and women is, every perſon ſeriouſly adopting what another wears.

A handſome woman and a genteel man may wear and do any thing with impunity in the Circle of Faſhion; but how very abſurd do theſe garments look, when hung upon a little black crooked woman; or on a fat, ſhort ſquab of a fellow, who with a waiſt to his coat below his rump, and a hat not ſo big as his hand; looks like a Jack-Pudding come to entertain the world with the abſurdities of the wardrobe! And ſo it is with the *Feathers*; for that plumage on the head, which would (if poſſible) add dignity to *Crewe* and *Bouverie*, will diſgrace a pigmy creature not above three feet high. How do the feathers of the Peacock look in the tail of the Jack-Daw? abſurd, ridiculous, and prepoſterous! So, becauſe ſome very beautiful and elegant women have plumed themſelves on this dreſs, we ſee every citizen's wife and daughter feathered out in a like ſtyle: nay, the very ſervants purſue the Faſhion; and I am now told, that the wings of Geeſe, which uſed to be kept to duſt the houſe, are converted into ornaments for the heads of the Cooks and the Houſe-maids.

It is amazing how an innovation in the mode of dreſs can occaſion ſuch extraordinary and extravagant demands for the different commodities. This introduction of Feathers hath ſtruck a great

great Toy-man with an idea of purchaſing all the Chineſe Mandarin figures which have any play in their heads; for which purpoſe he has people down at the ſea-ports ready to viſit the Eaſt-Indiamen as they arrive. When all theſe heads are collected, he hath prepared plumes for them; and by putting them into motion, he will then be able to judge what effect the feathered creſts have: theſe are then to be advertiſed to the world, and ſold to the Ladies to practiſe the nod of the head by, ſo that they may ſet off their Feathers to the very beſt advantage in company. This ingenious Toy-man hath likewiſe prepared rules of action, a kind of *Caput* exerciſe; that Ladies may be properly trained to uſe their Feathers to the beſt advantage. As for example: *Firſt*, No Lady when ſilent is to move her plume at all. *Secondly*, No Lady when talking is to hold her head ſtill; and as the ſound is an echo to the ſenſe, every head is to keep a ſort of time to its own words. *Thirdly*, When the perſon in converſe ſpeaks, the Lady is to hold her head as ſteady as poſſible. *Fourthly*, When playing on the *Piano Forte* or the *Guittar*, the Plume is to beat time exactly to the Muſic. *Fifthly*, When dancing, the Feathers are to be kept as upright as poſſible; but in croſſing or taking hands, a bend of the head is gradually to bring all the Plume forward. *Sixthly*, The Ladies may, if they pleaſe, take their Feathers off when they go to rooſt. Theſe

being the ſubſtantial rules of the Feather, the exerciſe in conſequence thereof is reduced to theſe words, which every Lady is recommended to practiſe with her Servant-maid after ſhe is dreſſed; who on this moſt neceſſary ſervice is to be, to all intents and purpoſes, the Chamber Drill Serjeant at Feathers.

PLUMIFEROUS WORDS of COMMAND.

Lady.—Erect!

Bend your head.
Incline to the left.
Lean to the right.
Fall back two ſteps.
Advance.
Curtſy.
Riſe.
Nod your head.
Reſt on your chair.

Thus hath this ingenious man employed himſelf for ſome months for the general good of the Fair Sex; and it is to be hoped that the gratitude of the Ladies will extend to one who hath been ſo attentive to their univerſal welfare.

Philoſophers tell us that Man is a creature
That walks on two legs, and unfeather'd by Nature;
But Woman a form more delightful aſſumes,
And our Fair Ones are nought but a bundle of Plumes.

The

The Feather, they ſay, is an emblem deſign'd
Of the Sex's light nature that veers with the wind;
And the different colours are laid on their wings,
To ſhew us that Women are changeable things.
Obſerve how white, yellow, blue, purple, and red,
All the tints of the rain-bow are pinn'd to one head;
For Feathers they ranſack the air, earth, and ſea,
And a Lady's Rout looks like a Menagerie.
So cloſely they ſtick, you would ſwear, when you ſee 'em,
They had all made a party to rob the Muſeum;
Or to feather their neſts well, and make their heads clever,
Had croſs'd Leiceſter-fields, and plunder'd poor *Lever*.
If below the fair boſom this faſhion ſhould ſpread,
And the body be plumed as well as the head,
It would puzzle Buffon in what genus to place,
Or what ſpecies allot to this new-feather'd race.
Who knows but our Girls, (we have ſeen ſtranger things)
When they once have got feathers, may make themſelves wings;

Like our Swallows in winter, may ſoon take
their flight
With their Lovers, and bid their dull huſbands
Good-night.

NUMBER XXIX.

— Each word, Sir, you impart,
Has ſomething killing in it, like your art.
GARTH.

AS it is my chief pleaſure to laugh at all the World, I, of courſe, make it my buſineſs to frequent every public place where diverſion of any kind is going forward; as I am ſure to find in every ſuch place ſufficient matter for mirth. Ranelagh and the Theatre in the Hay-market are *ſtanding diſhes* to me; and at *Vauxhall* too, eſpecially on a *cold* or *wet* night, I am pretty certain of enjoying a *feaſt*.

There are many perſons, I ſuppoſe, who find the above mentioned place extremely dull on ſuch an evening, and who receive no pleaſure there when the ſeaſon is unfavourable—I am not of their opinion. The fretful features of thoſe whoſe minds are diſturbed by a ſudden ſhower, their embarraſſments with regard to their departure, and the wry faces of the muſical performers, waiters, &c. &c. afford *me* no ſmall amuſement. To be entertained with what gives

gives other people uneaſineſs, ſomebody will ſay, perhaps, is to feel a very ill-natured ſatisfaction.—I deny it—upon ſuch an occaſion *as this*. Were I to laugh at the misfortunes and calamities of my fellow-creatures, which they do not bring upon themſelves, I ſhould, indeed, be juſtly charged with a "plentiful lack" of good-nature: but as my riſibility is only provoked by the inconveniencies and the ſufferings of the two ſexes which themſelves create, I do not, I imagine, come under the laſh of *that* accuſation. I am not without hopes, indeed, that I may, by an exhibition of ſuch people in a ridiculous light, more effectually deter them from the follies which they commit, than by the moſt ſerious expoſure of them, accompanied with the moſt friendly admonitions, and the moſt forcible remonſtrances.

I was thrown into this train of thinking, a few evenings ago, by overtaking a dapper little fellow in *St. George's* Fields, with a thin viſage, and a round buſhy wig. This groteſque perſonage, after having ſurveyed me with the keeneſt looks of obſervation, ſtuck himſelf by my ſide, rubbed his hands, as it was damp and chilly, gave a little he—em, and cried, "Fine weather for Vauxhall, Sir!"

"Do you call this fine weather," ſaid I, "for thoſe who are to ſtand, ſit, or ſaunter, in "the open air, the night air, to be *diverted?*"

"For *us*, Sir," replied he, with an arch ſmile,

ſmile, "for *us* who are of the *Faculty*. We have had a ſhocking healthy Spring; not a ſingle patient till the hot weather in April, which knocked ſeveral down with a putrid fever: but when the air became temperate again, people began to recover apace, and looked too well for *our* pockets. However, there were, luckily, at the opening of Vauxhall, ſome eaſterly winds and rains, which gave us the moſt agreeable proſpects; having great reaſon to imagine that we ſhould have a large number of ſore throats and ſwelled faces under our inſpection;—aye, and the very worſt ſort of colds. Now, Sir, you know Doctor Radcliffe conſidered a cold as the fore-runner of all diſeaſes. When a patient of his once made light of one, he aſked him what he *would have?* Would you have the Plague? ſaid he. The Doctor was a great man, Sir—I ſay, therefore, that it is fine weather for Vauxhall—and ſo, I wiſh you a good evening."

"That is," replied I, ſtopping him, as I found him to be a *Pharmacopoliſt* of ſome humour, "you wiſh me, in other words, to go and put myſelf in the way of a peripneumony, an eryſipelas, or a catarrh, three very *comfortable* diſorders, you muſt confeſs—for *you*."

He laughed aloud, and anſwered, "No, really, Sir; but if every man was as healthy as you appear to be, and knew the value of health as much as you ſeem to know it, an Apothecary would

would never get into his chariot. Yet you will allow, I dare ſay, Sir," continued he, "that we *live* more by the diſtempers which people bring on themſelves by their indiſcretions, than by thoſe occaſioned by accidental attacks, or a bad conſtitution. Give me leave to mention two of the beſt patients I have: the firſt is a lady who lies dangerouſly ill of a miſcarriage, in conſequence of being almoſt crowded to death, one night, at Ranelagh; the ſecond is a gentleman, who is almoſt choaked with a quinſy, which he caught the very firſt evening Vauxhall opened this year:—and ſo, Sir, you ſee I have ſufficient reaſon to be pleaſed with this weather; indeed, my heart expanded ſo much with pleaſure, when I reflected on the benefits which I might derive from the continuation of it, that I could not help diſcovering the ſatisfaction I felt. I am naturally of a *communicative* diſpoſition, and *you* really looked ſo good humoured, that I could not forbear ſpeaking to you for the life of me." "Nor can *I* forbear laughing in my turn," replied I, "at your ſincere and hearty wiſhes for the *welfare* of your fellow-creatures. But I have *one* queſtion to aſk you, Mr.——what's your name?" "*Slaughter*, Sir, at *your ſervice*." "No," anſwered I, laughing ſtill louder, "I have no occaſion for *your* aſſiſtance, I thank you; but pray, how came you to ſpeak with ſuch raptures of the dangerous ſtate of your two beſt patients? you are more intereſted

eſted in their recovery, methinks, than in their dying.—If they live, they may be out of order again, and under *your* care."

"Aye, Sir; that is a *poſſibility*," ſaid he, ſhaking his head, "but not a *probability*. My patients ſeldom live to be twice under my hands; I, therefore, make the moſt of them while they are in my power; that is to ſay, I make them hold out as long as I can."

With theſe words this unguarded ſon of Galen took leave of me; adding, "That he was going towards the *Gardens*, to ſee what ſucceſs might rationally be expected from the dampneſs of the evening." I did not chuſe to accompany him, being ſomewhat apprehenſive that if I made my appearance at Vauxhall, the weather, ſo *fine* for *his* purpoſes, might prove *fatal* to *me*.

NUMBER XXX.

A Whitſunday Scene in Kenſington-Gardens.

'Tis from Low-Life High Characters are drawn.

THOSE who wiſh to enjoy comic ſcenes of the higheſt kind, muſt not confine their ſearches after comic Characters to the higheſt perſonages in the kingdom. There is an infinite deal of true humour in the middling—even in the meaneſt walks of life; and our modern

modern Comedies would be far more laughable, more ſpirited, more ſtriking pictures of the manners of the Age, than they are at preſent, if our people of faſhion, in general, and their ſervile imitators, had juſt ideas with regard to the word *low:* but while they are *ſhocked* at the *vulgarity* of a ſcene, though it is ever ſo characteriſtic, dramatic writers the beſt qualified to furniſh a feaſt for MOMUS, will be afraid to throw out their comic powers, and very genteelly produce dull pieces, to ſave themſelves from theatrical damnation.

I was led into theſe reflections by a ramble on *Whitſunday* in Kenſington-Gardens. The evening was a fine one, and the Gardens afforded me more diverſion than I had ever met with in them. From a collection of Originals of all ſorts and ſizes, moſt whimſically miſcellaneous, I derived no ſmall entertainment; and my riſibility was ſo often provoked by the looks, airs, and dialogues which an unavoidable mixture of *high* and *low* people occaſioned, that I very much wiſhed my friend *Foote* had been with me; as he might have enriched his canvaſs by taking off ſome figures exquiſitely ridiculous—figures which no Author or Actor but himſelf would venture to bring upon the Stage.—To the point, however.

While I was ſtrolling along, ſurrounded by a medly of mortals, I diſcovered a party conſiſting of a gentleman, his lady, her ſiſter, and a friend.

a friend. They were walking in a very languid manner, and leaning on each other, as if they could not poſſibly move by themſelves. In a few minutes a briſk little Taylor, whom I have long known by ſight, and who works for a great number of ſubſtantial people, darted by me, followed by his wife, his two daughters, and his foreman. I could not conceive, at firſt, whither *Snip* was going ſo faſt; but I ſoon heard a *te-he* from this *low* group. They were, I found, in purſuit of the party before-mentioned; and with no other deſign in the world than to do as they did, and to copy their behaviour cloſely, looking upon them as patterns for politeneſs. The moment they got up to them, the females began to ſtretch their necks, and place their arms exactly after the manner of thoſe whom they ſtrove to imitate. On a ſudden they all unſettled themſelves to draw up their gowns, as the ladies before them drew up theirs; and then each of them took her companion under the arm. But not having being accuſtomed to the lingering pace of thoſe whom indolence, or the idea of their own prodigious conſequence, kept to a ſlow meaſuring of their ſteps, with ſomething of a tragic ſtatelineſs in them, they were every now and then *a-head*; but an immediate recollection brought them back to their ranks, in which they proceeded with tolerable regularity, by nods and winks, and ſome manual remembrancers.

This

This uncommon behaviour could not paſs unobſerved by the perſons whom they purſued: it was, indeed, not only obſerved, but conſidered by them as extremely impertinent. The principal lady of the genteel party, caſting a look of ineffable contempt at her humble imitators, deſired her friends to turn into another walk. Her requeſt was inſtantly complied with: the *Snips* followed them without loſs of time, and almoſt came to a contact. Upon this very near approximation, the *Eaſtern Princeſs*, for her huſband was one of our *Nabobs*, ſaid aloud, "L—d, we are abſolutely haunted by theſe *low-life* creatures."

The laſt words of this ſpeech ſo raiſed the *choler* of Mrs. *Snip*, who was an honeſt Welchwoman, that ſhe warmly replied, "Creature! creature! No more creature than yourſelf, but as good fleſh and blood, every bit. *I* ſay creature, indeed!"

"Huſh, huſh, *Winny*," cried her huſband, "don't let us affront the gentle-folks;" adding ſoftly, "I may looſe the making of a ſuit by this, now."

"Not you, indeed," anſwered ſhe; "you will get nothing by ſuch ſummerflies as theſe, I can aſſure you. Why, for all Madam holds her head ſo high, I knows her father was only a tallow-chandler; and *Sir*, there was nothing but a broken cheeſe-monger, before he went and got ſuch a ſight of money in the *Ingies*.

Lord,

Lord, don't I know what they all *are*, or rather what they all *were*."

"Huſh, I ſay," replied *Snip*, interrupting her; "I ſay you will make me loſe my buſineſs."

"Buſineſs!" anſwered ſhe haſtily; "I hope you do not deſire to have any thing to do with ſuch vermin, who have more maggots in their heads than there was in all the rotten cheeſe in their ſhop. People of faſhion, truly! I thought, by their cloaths, they were other gueſs folks; but when I came to look nearer, I ſoon found them out. But, indeed, moſt of the gentry dreſſes ſo now, that one cannot tell a w—— from a ——."

Mr. *Muſhroom*, provoked at ſuch illiberal language, which, with all his faults, he had not brought upon himſelf, turned about, and calling the Taylor a raſcal, bade him take himſelf and his dirty crew away; ſwearing tremendouſly, that a *gentleman* could not ſet his foot any where in England, out of a *carriage*, without being expoſed to the groſſeſt inſults; that the *canaille* were the moſt impudent human beings under heaven, and that he would make an example of *them*.

When he had uttered the concluding word of this furious ſpeech, he was preparing to ſet off in ſearch of ſome of the people belonging to the Gardens, in order to have the Taylor and his offenſive *corps* ejected. I then ventured to make

make my appearance before this iraſcible *great man*, and interceded for the unlucky *Snip* family; aſſuring Mr. *Muſhroom* that he was quite miſtaken in them, as it was their high admiration of his wealth, conſequence, and taſte, which had made the poor people ſo troubleſome to him; believing him, his lady, &c. to be ſtandards for elegance of dreſs and behaviour. "If they have offended," added I, "they have at leaſt innocently offended. To imitate thoſe who are ſuperior to us in rank and riches, is rather to merit praiſe than to be guilty of impertinence. To whom but to the higheſt human creatures ſhould the humbleſt look up for improvement?"

Here I ſtopped; for as a crowd of holiday people gathered round us in their beſt cloaths, I choſe not to proceed, eſpecially as Mr. *Muſhroom* did not ſeem to know in what manner he ſhould take what I had ſaid to him. He did not appear pleaſed with my addreſs to him; but as he had not his friends or ſervants about him, he ſtifled his reſent ment, if any was raiſed by it, and hurried out of the Gardens; declaring that he had never been inſulted by ſuch wretches in his life. In this declaration all his companions heartily joined.

As for the *Snips*, they went home, quarrelling all the way. *Snip* found fault with his wife and daughters for affronting *great folks*, who might have employed him; and they ſcolded

at

at *him* for making a noiſe; adding, that if people did not behave like *gentlefolks*, how ſhould it be known they were ſo? There was ſome truth, I thought, in this laſt obſervation; and I returned to my apartments, not a little diverted with them all—with the *high* and with the *low*—and full of merry reflections on the ſimilitude of manners between the former and the latter.

NUMBER XXXI.

An Adventure in a Stage-Coach.

From *Governeſſes*, ſuch as theſe,
Your Girls, ye Mothers, quickly ſeize!

RETURNING from a friend's houſe, a little way out of town, the other day, in a Stage-coach, I met with no ſmall amuſement, and quite ſuitable to my diſpoſition, which has ever been a merry one. In our way we took up an ordinary man, according to his appearance, with his wife and daughter. The two latter, by their converſation with each other, ſoon informed me who they were. The Lady's firſt addreſs to *me* was about the weather; concerning which, ſhe very judiciouſly obſerved, that it had been for ſome time uncommonly hot; "and yet, Sir," continued ſhe, "there was a fine

fine *Rorus Borus* t'other night, which is *ſildom* ſeen at this time of year."

"La! Mamma!" replied Miſs, interrupting her, (a girl about fourteen)—"how you always murder that poor word! Has not Mr. *Claſſic*, our Curate, told you a thouſand times, that it was *Aurora Borealis?*"

"And are you not a pert huſſey to find fault with your mother, eſpecially before folks?" ſaid the father. "But, indeed, Sir," continued he, turning to *me*, "the girl is quite ſpoilt by keeping *the beſt company*. You muſt know that Mr. *Claſſic*'s ſiſter is one of our half-boarders, and Polly is always catching and letting out ſome words which neither ſhe nor any body elſe underſtands."

"I wiſh, Papa, you would leave off calling me Polly," ſaid Miſs, with pouting looks; "I am ſure it is the vulgareſt ſound in the world: none of our Ladies would bear it—but, indeed, they have all genteeler names."

"Why, you know, child," ſaid her mother, "that they *comes* of great families: yet we have very good relations, too," added ſhe, turning to *me*, "though I was reduced to ſet up a boarding ſchool, becauſe I choſe rather to work for my living, than *ax* any body for any thing."

"Lord, how Mamma talks!" cried Miſs. "She would make people believe we were nothing at all: but, indeed, I don't care, as long as we don't keep a naſty ſhop: whatever I am, I am

I am above ſtanding behind a counter, that I know."

"You talk like a ſimpleton," replied her mother; "I am ſure I ſhould be very glad if your father had a good ſhop to mind—it would be a vaſt help to us; for you muſt know, Sir," added ſhe, turning again to me, "he helps to teach ſome of the little ones their letters: but Mr. *Claſſic* ſays he is not *learned* enough, as yet to be Reading-maſter to the ſchool. So that I believe I muſt get Mr. *Claſſic* to take that place upon himſelf, as it is quite neceſſary the Ladies ſhould know how to ſpeak proper, and be taught to write letters, which is a great ſervice to them; for I dare ſay you cannot gueſs how much it coſts me in paying a perſon to write to the friends of our young Ladies."

"I think, Madam," replied I, "your daughter might ſave you all that expence, if you told her what to ſay."

"Upon my word," anſwered Miſs, drawing up her long neck, "I ſhould not have thought of that indeed. I believe I can write a letter to any body, full as well as Mamma; and when we have got a Reading-maſter to teach me how to ſpell the hard words, I ſhall not yield to the beſt Lady in the land."

"No," replied her mother, with a look and tone as if ſhe was proud of her daughter's knowledge; "Mary is quite an accompliſhed girl: but I cannot ſpare her, Sir, to ſpend ſo much

much of her time at her pen, as ſhe teaches French work, and *Tambour*, and can make pictures in ſhades, and in human hair. Indeed, Mr. ———," naming her huſband, " might be of vaſt uſe in the ſchool, if he was not ſo *littery* a man: but he is fit for nothing, and married me purely to be kept. I am ſure, I was at expence enough before: but I did not know that he was ſuch a *do-little*. He cannot ſpeak a ſingle word of French."

" Don't abuſe me," exclaimed her huſband, interrupting her (he ſeemed to be a tame animal who would patiently bear a good deal of correction); " don't, I ſay: becauſe I have not been learnt your outlandiſh *lingo*, it is not my fault. As for you, Mrs. ——, you can't ſpeak *Engliſh*; and that's more neceſſary in a Boarding-ſchool, where there is ſuch a jabbering all day long, enough to deafen one. I am very poſitive," continued he, addreſſing himſelf to me, " my wife was nothing upon earth but a Barber's daughter, who happening to go over to Boulogne with her father to learn to dreſs hair, got a ſort of a ſmattering kind of jargon, neither one thing nor the other; and ſo ſhe comes over, and ſets up a French Boarding-ſchool, where the children are taught nothing that can be of uſe to them. Inſtead of learning to mend their linen, and make ſhifts, they ſit ſtitching ſhoes, and flowers in aprons and ruffles, from morning to night, except when

when they are making curtſies with their dancing-maſter, or tinkling the ſpinnet; and now, truly, they muſt ſpend that time in ſcrawling letters to nobody knows who, which might be employed to ſome purpoſe in learning to make a good pudding or pye."

Here the Lady and her daughter felt themſelves exceedingly offended, and began to articulate a ſort of language which convinced me, in a ſtill more forcible manner, that they were totally unfit for the buſineſs in which they were engaged. It was with difficulty, indeed, that I refrained from laughing loudly at them; but not having the leaſt inclination to bring myſelf into a quarrel with a couple of ſuch Characters, I deſired the coachman to let me out, that I might give a looſe to my merriment. I then went on homewards, making reflections upon Boarding-ſchools for young Ladies in general, and upon thoſe which are conducted by ſome of the moſt illiterate and under-bred women in the kingdom, in particular. From the politeſt Seminaries of this kind for the Miſſes of the Age, they do not always come into *the world* to the greateſt advantage; but in thoſe under the direction of Governeſſes like my companions above-mentioned, of which the number is conſiderable—I was going to ſay lamentable—what a farce is Female Education!

H.

NUMBER

NUMBER XXXII.

A Matrimonial Rigatta.

PASSING through one of the ſtreets in the out-ſkirts of the town, a few days ago, I ſaw a great crowd before me; and meeting a man who had juſt come from it, I aſked him what was the matter.

"Only a woman fighting with her huſband, Sir," replied he.

Another, overhearing him, added "And the huſband will get the better; yet I am always ſorry to ſee the *Fair-ſex* beat about, though it may be their own fault."

The words *Fair ſex* always fill my mind with delectable ideas. I could not help feeling a kind of pity for the object, though unſeen, which had excited them; and therefore hurried to the ſcene of action, not without flattering myſelf that I ſhould have my eyes engaged by ſomething worthy of their attention: but had I taken time for conſideration, I might have rationally ſuppoſed that none of the *Fair-ſex* ever revolt ſo much againſt decorum, as to ſtrike the men whom they have ſworn to *honour and obey*.—I once, indeed, ſaw a very handſome Lady knock two of her Maid's teeth down her throat for whiſtling while ſhe cleaned

the ſtairs.—But to the point. When I arrived at the place where the *mob* were aſſembled, expecting to behold a fine young beautiful creature in diſtreſs, what were my ſurprize and diſappointment to ſee a ſhort thick figure with a ſwarthy complexion and ſqualid appearance throughout, with little fiery eyes like thoſe of a ferret, a turn-up noſe, broad yellow butter-teeth, and a pair of ſpreading lips parched by the quantity of ſtrong liquor ſhe had ſwallowed! She had coarſe greaſy hair, which almoſt ſtood upright, with here and there a bald place on her head, occaſioned by the *rapes* committed upon her *locks* during her conjugal conteſt. Her rough arms appeared to have received a conſiderable addition to their natural redneſs by the violent exertion of them; and her huge fiſts were, when I came up to her, clenched, ready to dart a furious blow at her antagoniſt; who being, however, prepared for her attack, ſoon brought his amiable moiety to the ground, tumbling her quite over head and ears in the kennel; ſo that when ſhe emerged from the mud, covered with filth, ſhe was ſo far from looking like one of the *Fair-ſex*, that it was ſomewhat difficult to ſay whether ſhe was of the maſculine or feminine gender. Her *voice* was as rough and as coarſe as her *perſon*; and as one of the blows levelled at her had broken a blood-veſſel, ſhe could hardly ſpeak in a manner to be underſtood:

yet

yet even in this condition ſhe tottered towards her fellow-combatant, and provoked him to a renewal of his attacks by articulating, though imperfectly, *Go it again, go it again.* Irritated by this bravado, he flew at her a ſecond time, and would have, perhaps, ſilenced her for ever, had not the friend to the *Fair-ſex* above-mentioned caught him by the arm, and put him by, while he placed his once better half upon her legs again. He then, clapping her on the back, endeavoured, by proper ſtimulatives, to provoke her to another *ſet-to:* while I ſhuddering, from the keenneſs of my ſenſibility, to ſee domeſtic quarrels riſe to ſuch a dangerous pitch, ventured to ſeize the enraged huſband, a plain working man, in a leather-apron and woollen-cap, and tried to draw him away, telling him that he would kill the poor woman if he proceeded.—To my extreme aſtoniſhment and confuſion, this Mirror of the *Fair-ſex*, who had now recovered her ſpirits, attacked me with ſuch a volley of oaths, and poured out ſuch a torrent of foul language, that I ſtood almoſt petrified before her.—"Let him alone, you meddling dog, do: what do you trouble your damn'd thick head, you chuckle, with *my* huſband for? Let him go, I ſay, you impudent ſon of a B——, or I will do *your* buſineſs for you in a crack, by G—."

Here her powers of utterance were ſuſpended; the blood and dirt which ſhe had ſwallowed, obſtructed her articulation to ſuch a degree, that ſhe was totally unable to get out a word.—As for myſelf, I made a precipitate retreat, vowing never to interfere again in a *verbal* or *manual* debate between any of the *Fair-ſex* and their *huſbands*, *lovers*, or *Female friends* (for I have known the tender creatures come *literally* to pulling caps), while I have breath in my body. As I eſcaped, therefore, without any fractures or contuſions, without even a bloody noſe; I returned home with my head full of the ideas which had firſt quickened my ſteps to the *intereſting ſpot*, and could ſcarce refrain from laughing in the face of every female I met, who ſeemed to think herſelf intitled to particular reſpect as one of the *Fair-ſex*, though as brown as a berry, and as dirty as a cinder-girl. Women, it is true, are not accountable for their natural imperfections; hump-backs, bleared-eyes, and wooden-legs are not, certainly, of their own making; but when a woman, very defective in point of perſonal charms, appears to require that attention which a *Beauty* of the firſt *form* inſenſibly commands, we compliment her ſufficiently by calling her one of the Female Sex.—The *Fair-ſex* are quite different beings: but even *they*, with the moſt brilliant external attractions, if they are not as attentive to the culture

ture of their minds, and the regulation of their manners, as to the embelliſhment of their perſons, appear like *Milton's infernal Hero*, with *faded ſplendor!* She who with the face of an Angel has *a fierce demeanor*; in whoſe look *defiance lowrs*; who indulges herſelf in the exhibition of the moſt unamiable paſſions, and who liberally deals in that ſort of language which would diſgrace even the mouths of the loweſt of women; creates the imperfections which leſſen her power, and cannot be excuſed for them.

N.

NUMBER XXXIII.

The Humours of a Wet Sunday.

HAVING dined with a friend a few Sundays ago at his Villa within a few miles of Dublin, I was, on my return home, overtaken by a violent ſhower, and obliged to put up at the firſt public-houſe I met with upon the road. While I was there watching the weather from a window, that I might ſeize a favourable moment to purſue my journey without being in a dripping condition, I was not a little amuſed with a collection of draggled females, who with their loving huſbands, &c. were driven by the torrents pouring upon their

heads, to ſhelter themſelves under the ſame roof.

"Lord have mercy upon me!" exclaimed a woman of the largeſt ſize, and rendered ſtill more weighty by her corpulence, "Lord have mercy upon me!" wiping her face, which ſhone like a cook-maid's, with her apron—"I am ſure this is making a toil of a pleaſure; here we labour and take pains all the week on purpoſe to have a little comfort on a Sunday, and now you ſee I ſhall ſpoil every *individil* thing about me; beſides, I am ſo fatigued into the bargain: but I told my huſband this very morning, that I would never ſet out again without a coach, or a *ſhay*, or ſomething to carry me."

"You're in the right of it," replied her friend, a tall, raw-boned woman, with her mouthful of pins, with which ſhe was endeavouring to pin up her petticoat; "I am ſure I will not ſlave myſelf to death again for all the pleaſure upon earth; and yet I'll not ſit at home all day, neither."

"What's that you won't do?" ſaid a poor, meagre, half-ſtarved fellow, who was by this time come up to them with a heavy child in each arm. "I am ſure you have, not the reaſon to complain I have, who have carried the boys ſo many miles;—you are never ſatisfied; but you ſhall carry them yourſelf the reſt of the way, or leave them behind."

Here,

Here, being hardly able to ſtand with his encumbrances, he was going to throw off his load;— his rib then called out to him in a raiſed, but not in a very melodious voice, "Don't offer to ſet my children down, don't, I ſay; do you think I will have their coats wetted, and their frocks dirtied? Who muſt clean them? Not you, I ſuppoſe you will tell me, like a ſneaking devil as you are; but come what will, pleaſe God, you ſhall ſtand at the waſh-tub till you drop; for I will ſee them all *got up*, to cure you of dragging me from home upon my feet; and now we are brought into this precious pickle, I wonder what is to become of us."

"Oh," replied her unwieldy neighbour, "we muſt ſtay till we can light of a coach; and in the mean time let us call for ſomething.—What do you like beſt, Ma'am?"

"You may call for what you pleaſe," anſwered the diſtreſſed huſband, interrupting her, "but then you muſt pay for it, as I have not a ſingle ſixpence left out of my whole week's wages—'tis all gone."

"Gone!" cried his clamorous Lady; "gone? Why, then, if we *ſhould* have the good luck to meet with a *ſhay* or a coach, we muſt be wet to the ſkin becauſe you have no money to pay for it."

"No, but *you* have," replied he, "for I gave you every penny that I received laſt night,

and did not even keep back enough for a ſingle pot of porter; I am ſure I drank nothing but Adam's ale after my bread and cheeſe before I went to bed, which has made me as weak as a rat."

"Weak?" ſaid ſhe, "weak with drinking water? That's a *good one*, indeed! I am ſure there is not a wholeſomer liquor in the world."

"Then I wonder, my dear," anſwered he, with an arch look, "that you drink ſo much ſtrong beer yourſelf."

"I drink ſtrong beer? Aye, and ſo I do, or elſe how ſhould I be able to ſuckle my two twins, God help me! As women go through ſo much in this world, they had need of ſomething to ſupport them; but men are always grudging them, and taking every thing for themſelves."

"Z——ds! what ails the woman," exclaimed the provoked huſband, "with her grudging! Didn't I give you all!"

"Yes, and then went and run up a long ſcore at the *Black Dog*; ſo we ſhall not have a farthing left to pay our rent."

"Why, we cannot eat our cake and have it," ſaid he; "you wanted to come a pleaſuring, and ſo let us hear no more about it."

The Waiter now made his appearance with a bowl of punch and a plate of cold boiled beef; and by ſo doing put a ſtop to their altercation, as they all fell too as if they had not eaten a morſel

morſel that day, though they had dined very heartily upon a fillet of veal, and a gammon of bacon and greens at an *Ordinary* at *Hammerſmith*, and diſpatched a large quantity of ſtout beer, with a pot of tea, and ſeveral plates of bread and butter.

The preſent refreſhment put them into a tolerable humour. The mother of the twins took them by turns to the breaſt, while the father of them ſat down in the corner of the room to reſt himſelf till the rain was over.

When he began to think of ſetting off for the Capital, the huge-waſted Lady ſaid to his wife in a whiſper, "If you will lend me enough to diſcharge the reckoning, I will treat in return next Sunday."

While this affair was agitating in one part of the room, a ſmart altercation was carried on in another between a lover and his miſtreſs, who had juſt been caught in the ſhower, and were drying themſelves over a pot of coffee. The Lady was dreſt in the very extremity of the faſhion; her hair was ſtretched to above twice the length of her face; her hat was quite narrow before, and immenſely broad behind; her *Poloneſe* was tied up with the moſt elegant air imaginable, and ſhe had a pretty little foot juſt covered with a white ſlipper with a purple roſe, heel, and binding.—*He* had his hand on her ſhoulder, and *ſhe* was putting ſome ſugar into his cup, when a returned poſt-chaiſe drove up

to the door. "There is a carriage," ſaid ſhe briſkly, "let us ſecure it."—Away ran he, but ſoon came back. "Well," ſaid the Lady, "will he wait?"—"Wait!" replied the Lover; "I did not aſk him, as he will not carry us to Dublin under half-a-guinea; he is no common driver, it is a Lord's carriage." "Well, and if my Lord was here," anſwered ſhe, "he would be happy to have my company upon any terms;—and ſo you have let him go, rather than give ſuch a paltry ſum to accommodate *me*: but I ſhall not walk, I aſſure you, nor draggle my petticoat like the wives of your dirty mechanics. I did not attach myſelf to *you*, but to enjoy all the pleaſures of life; and yet you are ſo ſcandalouſly mean as to deny me the common conveniencies: but I will leave you—I could not be uſed worſe if I was married."—Here ſhe flounced out of the room, and I preſently ſaw her drive off with an Officer in his *phaeton*, in which ſhe certainly muſt have been half-drowned, as the rain continued to come down with great violence; and the Captain was too genteel to have a top to his chaiſe, out of which ſhe was afterwards thrown by his driving too near a poſt juſt at the entrance into Dublin, by which accident both her leg and arm were broken.

The curious *Trio* above-mentioned having thoroughly lined their inſides, ſet out on foot, and became quite regardleſs of their outſides; but

but their expences had been ſo heavy, and the reparations of the damages which their cloaths had ſuſtained made ſuch breaches in their pockets, that they were obliged not only to work harder than uſual during the following week, but to deny themſelves ſome of the loweſt neceſſaries of life; yet all their labour and œconomy would not enable them to make another excurſion when the next *Sunday* arrived; and as *that* Sunday happened to be a remarkable fine one, they ſpent it in quarrelling—becauſe they could not *enjoy* it, by abuſing it.

N.

NUMBER XXXIV.

A Trip to Parnaſſus.

CALLING the other day on my Bookſeller, we fell into chat, not only upon the different kinds of modern compoſitions, but upon the miſcellaneous number of writers; and he exhibited, during the courſe of the converſation, ſeveral Characters among our literary manufacturers, vulgarly called *Book-makers*, equally curious and entertaining. Seeing me not a little diverted with his deſcription of them, he ſaid—"Theſe are not to be named with an Authoreſs whom I employ; if you are at leiſure, I will carry you to ſee her; for ſhe is ſo complete an *original*, that it is impoſſible for me

me to deſcribe her."—On my ſhewing a deſire to attend him, he conducted me into a mean-looking houſe in a dirty court, turning out of a very ſhabby ſtreet. Near the top of this miſerable houſe lodged the lady in queſtion: an houſe which I ſhould not have entered on any account, had I not been prompted, juſt at that time, by a particular curioſity not to be reſiſted. The ſight of the bare broken walls during my aſcent to the fourth ſtory, the deep holes in the ſtairs, and the ſtrong effluvia ariſing from a "compound of villainous ſmells" which iſſued from the different apartments I paſſed, not only excited diſguſt, but made me think myſelf in a dangerous ſtate; I was, indeed, both apprehenſive of a fractured limb and a putrid fever. However, notwithſtanding theſe apprehenſions, I proceeded, and arrived ſafe at Mrs. *Spinbrain*'s aerial habitation, whom we found ſitting at a broken table, leaning her head upon one hand, while the other was employed with her pen. She was a ſquat figure, with coarſe hair turned grey (with thinking, we will ſuppoſe), and a cap, very offenſively diſcoloured by continual ſervice, half off her head. The handkerchief which almoſt covered her neck, much of the ſame dingy hue, was faſtened by a braſſy pin. Her bed-gown, of a yellowiſh kind of ſtuff, did not diſgrace the other parts of her dreſs by its complexion.—In ſhort, ſhe made altogether, from head

head to foot, a ſqualid and ragged appearance. On each ſide of her ſtood one of her daughters, as ragged and as dirty as herſelf; they were tranſcribing from a paper ſo blotted, that the contents of it were hardly legible. Before the ſmalleſt fire I ever ſaw, the father of the family was ſeated in a chair with but half a bottom to it, in a looſe ſort of a gown, endeavouring to mend a pair of breeches—the only pair, I thought, from certain marks of embarraſſment viſible in his countenance, he had in the world. He was at the ſame time rocking a cradle, in which lay his ſon and heir, ſcreaming for want of the neceſſary attendance and nouriſhment of his mother, and watching a piece of meat which was roaſting with a ſtring.—At the ſight of a ſtranger, the poor man was ſo diſconcerted, that he, attempting to riſe, dropped his galligaſkins on the floor. [My conjectures with regard to his having but *one* pair of breeches were now confirmed.] His wife, without riſing from the ſtool which ſhe occupied, called to him, with a commanding voice, to give the gentleman—meaning *me*—a ſeat. He accordingly looked round the room, to ſhew his willingneſs to obey her; but as no ſuch conveniency was to be ſeen, he puſhed the broken one he had quitted towards me: but I declined accepting of his offer, leſt I ſhould be laid ſprawling on the ground. My companion then advancing towards the lady, exclaimed,

exclaimed, "So, Mrs. Spinbrain, have you finiſhed the letter for my paper:"—"'Tis above half done," replied ſhe; "the girls are writing it out fair.—Here, Sappho," continued ſhe, turning to her eldeſt daughter, "let Mr. *Squeezebard* look at it."—"But why don't you make an end of it at once," ſaid he, "before you begin any thing elſe? You know I ſtay for it."—"What do you think," anſwered ſhe with a conſiderable degree of *hauteur*, "do you think I have nobody's buſineſs to do but yours?—I write the beſt part of the poetry in half the Magazines, and the *Helicon Bag*; and let me tell you, 'tis far pleaſanter to write verſes, than heavy political letters."—"Why do you make them heavy, then? That's *your* fault, and not *mine*; I want to have them full of fire"—"Yes, you want them inflammatory, I ſuppoſe," cried ſhe; "and then, if you are threatened with the pillory, you will give up your Author. But you will get nothing by that; for I'll tell all, and ſwear, what you know is the truth, that you dictated the ſubjects to me.—I can do nothing more to your laſt letter, as I am about an Elegy on a Lady who died a week ago, ſuppoſed to be written by her Huſband; and if it does not go home to-night, it may as well not go home at all, for it will be quite out of date.—I have alſo Verſes to ſend with a Lottery Ticket into the country; a Ballad to compoſe, in which every

every ſtanza muſt be diſtinguiſhed by a particular name; and a Letter to write, from a Sailor to his Grandmother in Ireland. All theſe pieces I muſt finiſh before I ſleep: and yet you pretend to make a noiſe about your Politics!"—

Here I could not help interrupting her by ſaying, "That I ſhould certainly, in *her* ſituation, with ſo many things to engage my attention, fall faſt aſleep in the middle of my buſineſs."

"It may be ſo," replied ſhe; "but people of genius feel differently: for my part, I can ſit up all night, under the inſpiration of the Nine, while Mr. Spinbrain there is ſnoring by eight o'clock."—"Aye," ſaid the poor huſband, "and ſo would *you*, too, if you did as much as I do."—"Why, Sir," continued he, addreſſing himſelf to me, "I am the verieſt ſlave upon the face of the earth; for I not only nurſe the children, and cook the victuals, but waſh the houſe and the cloaths, and mend and make for the whole family."—"To be ſure! anſwered his muſeful moiety, with more than poetic fire in her eyes; "What ſhould you do elſe, a great lazy drone, as you are? If you cannot get any thing, the leaſt you can do is to be ſaving, while I, like an induſtrious bee, am always filling my hive with the moſt delicious ſweets."—"There, Sir," added ſhe, to the Bookſeller, "there's a ſimile for you, and my own—I never borrow from other people:

ple:—I am no Plagiary, like moſt Authors, but trade upon my own ſtock, and bring up my children to do as their mother has done before them.—There is Sappho can tag rhymes as faſt as boys do birds' eggs, and Urania has a very pretty hand at an Eſſay in proſe. I never ſuffer them to muddle their heads about ſcouring and ſcrubbing, or doing any of the domeſtic affairs: I intend to bring them up, and my boy, exactly in the ſame manner; though I think this is not an age for the male world to ſhine in the literary way, moſt of our modern performances being written by women; who have, I will venture to ſay, in general, a greater ſcope of imagination, and more brilliant ideas. If my ſon, therefore, ſhould not be bleſt with talents, I will make him the houſehold drudge, in which capacity he may be trained up under his father."

The boy, as if he had underſtood what his mother had ſaid, at this moment began to exerciſe his little throat, in a much louder key; while the pliant huſband, taking the hint from his wife, ſung a lullaby: but it was all to no purpoſe: the poor infant, almoſt famiſhed, extended his jaws ſtill wider and wider, and gave the Authoreſs an opportunity to ſhew her maternal affection; which ſhe did by giving the cradle a ſmart ſhake that nearly overſet it. "What ails the little ſqualling devil?" cried ſhe; "you had beſt be quiet though, or I ſhall

ſhall never have finiſhed what I am about, and till then you will not have a ſpoonful of pap, I can tell you."

Upon this, I preſumed to remind her gently of Nature's having furniſhed every mother with ſufficient nouriſhment for her offspring, though few of our fine ladies choſe to avail themſelves of it; adding, that I thought, that as a woman ſhe could not employ her pen better than in writing an Eſſay in favour of a mother's ſuckling her own children; and that ſhe would, undoubtedly, touch it up with great ſpirit.

"Yes," replied ſhe, "there is no ſubject, I believe, which I could not handle; but I ſhall take care how I meddle with *that*. What, would you think of confining ſuch a genius as mine to the lower offices of life, and tie me down to the grovelling employment of a nurſe? Apollo, and all the Nine, forbid it! No, Sir," continued ſhe, "I would have you to know, that I ſoar above ſuch ſublunary things: let thoſe poor ſtupid wretches who have no underſtanding and taſte, undertake ſuch ſervile offices: 'tis ſufficient for me to bring forth young geniuſſes; let thoſe who have no abilities for any thing elſe, bring others up; I ſhall ſtick to my pen, and breed up my girls to follow ſo laudable an example."

Here the increaſing ſcreams of the young Apollo, the efforts which the father made to ſilence him, the elegant exclamations of Sappho

pho and Urania—*ha' done, ha' done*—and the clamorous aſſurances of Mrs. Spinbrain herſelf, who repeatedly declared, that ſhe would periſh before ſhe would deſcend to the menial employment of taking care of her children, affected the ears of my friend Squeezebard, as well as my own organs, in ſuch a manner, that we were glad to make a precipitate retreat from the garret of literature, poverty and pride.

N.

NUMBER XXXV.

The Turnham-Green Ordinary.

GOING laſt Sunday to dine again with my Friend at Brentford, I found him ſo much embarraſſed by the ſudden indiſpoſition of his Wife, that I would not be prevailed upon to ſtay with him at ſo unſeaſonable a time, but took my leave, and ſoon afterwards ſtepped into a houſe of entertainment near London. On my arrival the Landlord told me he had a boiled leg of Mutton, a Gooſe, and a Plumb-pudding, all of them juſt ready to come to table; deſiring me to walk in.—When I entered the Room in which I was to dine, I found three Women and five Men aſſembled upon the ſame occaſion. One of the females I ſoon diſcovered to be a *Miſs* between fifty and ſixty, who had accompanied her Brother and his Wife to ſpend a day

a day in the country; the third Lady was under the protection of her Huſband, dreſſed in a tambour-waiſtcoat and white ſilk ſtockings; frequently applying his hands to his edged ruffles in a ſelf-ſufficient manner, and declaring that he had not been accuſtomed to dine in ſuch places. He ſeemed, indeed, to have been diſappointed, as well as myſelf, to have no other acquaintance in that neighbourhood, and to have kept very different company. The looks which both he and his Wife caſt at their companions, were in the higheſt degree expreſſive of contempt. In conſequence of this faſtidious behaviour, a dapper Fellow, with a large head and round belly, declared, with an arch laugh, that he fancied when people were ſharp-ſet, and did not know where to get a dinner, they would be glad to eat any where, and in any company.—"We ſhall ſee that preſently," added a ſmart little man in a ſcanty faſhionable frock and a tinſell'd waiſtcoat, "for here comes proviſion for the Convent."

The appearance of the Mutton and Turneps put us all under arms immediately; and we were going to fall to, when a little debate aroſe among the Ladies about precedence; each of them being, apparently, deſirous of ſitting at the head of the table.—The Wife of the Gentleman who had not been accuſtomed to dine in ſuch houſes, and whoſe name was Puffer, made the firſt approximation towards the envied

envied chair—the chair of honour; and upon being told by her next neighbour that *ſhe* had moſt right to it, anſwered haughtily, "You may prove it then; in the mean while I ſhall not ſtand talking about it;"—and clapped herſelf down without any farther ceremony, drawing the diſh towards her, into which ſhe ſtuck her knife. When ſhe had filled her plate, ſhe was proceeding to puſh it down to her Huſband.—"No, Madam," exclaimed the little Man, whoſe name was Dapperwit, "I ſcorn to be rude to a Woman, but d——n me if I do not think I have as much right to eat as Mr. Puffer; and neither he nor I ſhall eat a bit, till thoſe Ladies are ſerved." "Ladies!" replied Mr. Puffer, repeating the word, while he helped Miſs *Wou'd-be*, miſtaking her for the Wife, as ſhe was conſiderably older than her Brother or her Siſter.—Upon this *etouderie* Miſs Wou'd-be drew back in a hurry, and fidgetting in her ſeat, anſwered, ſcrewing up her mouth, "Oh, dear, no; I never take any thing before a married Woman; I know my place."———"D——n all places, ſay I," cried a fierce-looking Fellow in a blue pluſh-coat, with broad metal-buttons, and a wig like a cauliflower, while he aimed a ſmart back-handed ſtroke at the Mutton; "if it were not for *place-men*, things would not be as they are, I believe; a pack of vile Locuſts who live upon the fat of the land, and eat all honeſt hard-working

working people out of houſe and home."—"None of your reflections upon particular people," replied Mr. Puffer, who was, I found, a Clerk in one of the Public-offices at the weſt end of the town; but who not being able to make his income anſwerable to his wiſhes, condeſcended to quarter himſelf for a dinner on a Sunday, upon a Gentleman in the ſame Department: having, however, wearied out his Friend, by the frequency of his viſits, he had been, in conſequence of a denial, obliged to repair to the houſe in which I found him.—The Gentleman in the pluſh-coat, who proved to be a Harneſs-maker, was on the point of anſwering him, but was prevented by the Gentleman in the tinſell'd waiſtcoat, a Strolling-player, who, drawing away his plate from him, ſeized the pepper-box, and began to exerciſe it over his Turneps. Upon this his Antagoniſt turned about briſkly, and a conteſt enſued between him and the illegitimate ſon of *Theſpis*; though he was by no means a match for him, either with his fingers or his tongue, as Buſkin had been, from his firſt ſetting-out in life, very great in *Filch*, and other parts of a ſimilar caſt.

The *Gooſe* was now brought to table. Mrs. Puffer immediately fixing her eye upon it, obſerved, that few perſons underſtood carving, and that if her dinner was mangled ſhe could not eat a morſel. "Why, truly," ſaid Dapperwit,

perwit, "I have known *ſome people* more nice than wife; but we will try your ſtomach, Madam."——He then began to hew down the Gander (for a Gander it certainly was); but finding a violent *oppoſition*, in conſequence of its extreme toughneſs, the Harneſs-maker bawled out, "You'll never do it, Maſter; you muſt look at a *married man*, if you will hit the joint."—"D—d low," ſaid Mr. Puffer, in a whiſper to his Lady.——"Aye, this comes of mixing with ſuch wretches," replied ſhe, in the ſame key. Mr. Wou'd-be with a ſurly look, ſaid, "that people were all turned fools:" Mrs. Wou'd-be reddened, partly with anger, and partly with confuſion, having formerly had a *tete-a-tete* with Dapperwit, while *Miſs* te-heed to make the Company take her for a Girl.—Every body, however, was deſirous of taſting the Gooſe, though it required an *Herculean* arm to diſjoint it, and jaws of iron for the maſtication of it. Dapperwit propoſed the calling in of the Landlord, and ſwearing at him; in this propoſal he was joined by the *itinerant Actor*, who declared that he would *ſpout* at him for any ſum he could name. The behaviour of theſe two was very ſpirited, and ſomewhat furious; but they were checked in their career by Dapperwit, who ſtood forth in defence of the Landlord, by ſaying, that no Publican was anſwerable for his proviſions, and that a fair action could not be brought againſt him. Poor Buſkin,

kin, not having any money to bribe the Lawyer to be of *his* opinion, conſoled himſelf by a deep plunge into the Pudding, which he would not have taſted, perhaps, had he attended a moment longer to the correction of the Landlord;—it was, indeed, devoured with great avidity and expedition; and the diſh which contained it appeared, at its departure, almoſt as immaculate as if it had never been defiled.

When the Punch and the Porter were put upon the table for the Gentlemen, and ſome Cyder for the Ladies, they all began unanimouſly, to abuſe the dinner which they had juſt greedily demoliſhed. When they had finiſhed their invectives againſt *that*, they turned the edge of their reſentment againſt each other. —— *Leatherſides*, filling his pipe, blew ſuch a blaſt into the face of Mrs. Puffer, that ſhe *vowed* ſhe could not ſtay in the Room; *proteſting*, at her leaving it, that ſhe never had been among ſuch a ſet of brutes before; that ſhe had not, indeed, been uſed to ſuch Public-houſes; and that an *Ordinary* was quite a new thing to her.—She then deſired her Huſband to follow her, and not to leſſon his conſequence by ſitting any longer with *ſuch people*. "*Such* people!" cried *Leatherſides*, twirling round his wig upon his head; "we have not places at Court, indeed, but we knows our place when we comes into genteel company for all that; and ſo here's to you, Mr. Dapperwit." ——While the latter was pledging him, the Player

Player was preſſing Miſs Wou'd-be to *hob* and *nob* with him in a pot of Porter; but ſhe replied, to all his entreaties, with an affected childiſh ſimper, "It is vaſtly indelicate for young women to drink." —"Nay, now, by this light, you are too, too coy; but, perhaps, *Miſs*," thruſting his tongue into his cheek, "you rather chuſe a glaſs of *Strip-me-naked*, or *Lay-me-down-ſoftly*."—Theſe laſt expreſſions, and the archneſs with which they were delivered, made her chuckle exceedingly; and ſhe, at the ſame time, affectedly apologized for the pleaſure they gave her; *proteſting*, that they tickled her fancy ſo, ſhe could not help laughing. Her Brother and Siſter, who were aſhamed of her, now riſing to go, obliged her to accompany them.—As ſoon as ſhe was gone, Dapperwit began to rally Buſkin on his gallantry to a young Lady of fifty-five.—"She is confounded ugly, to be ſure," replied he; "but I ſhould have ſmacked her lips for the ſake of the joke, if the grove of briſtles upon her chin had not made me think it ſafer to keep at arm's length." He then propoſed returning to London, as he was to perform the part of *Romeo*, that evening in a cellar ſome-where near the *Garden*. *Leatherſides* ſaid he would go with him, and finiſh his pipe upon the road: *Dapperwit* told him, that he would be liable to an indictment for annoying his Majeſty's ſubjects on the highway; and they all ſallied out

of

of the houſe diſputing about what they *might*, or *might not* do; and I could not help laughing —in my ſleeve—at the folly of thoſe who, when they are thrown into each other's company by accident, are more ſtudious, either from their vanity or their pride, to render their meeting mutually diſagreeable, when they might eaſily, make it reciprocally pleaſing.

N.

NUMBER XXXVI.

A Chriſtmas-day at Church.

THOUGH I generally make my appearance at ſome place of public worſhip every Sunday or holiday throughout the year, I do not by any means confine myſelf to this or that congregation; being of opinion, that if I perform my duty, the ſpot on which it is performed is of no great conſequence. The *temple* of the Deity whom I ſerve is *All Space*; his *Altar*, *Earth*, *Sea* and *Skies*. I therefore ſtepped into the firſt Church I came to in my walk on Chriſtmas-day. The old woman in the aiſle, upon my putting a piece of ſilver into her hand, immediately let me into a lined pew. There I began to ſettle my mind for the duties of the day. While I was ſo employed, I perceived a tall thin Lady, towards the upper end of the pew, ſeemingly buſied in look-

ing out the Pſalms, &c. &c. The door ſoon opened, and in bounced another female totally different in her form, and with a cloudy aſpect; who, giving the Lady already ſeated a fierce look as ſhe paſſed her, took her place on a little bench that went acroſs the pew, it being a double one. She then rounded herſelf in the corner, almoſt upon the back of the firſt comer, kicked off a pair of pattens from a pair of very large feet, dexterouſly conveyed away her haſſock, and flumping down upon it, began to ſay her prayers without any ceremony. Greatly diſconcerted at ſuch a piece of rudeneſs —of indecency, I may add—the firſt Lady ſaid, with a ſmall degree of anger and ſurpriſe, "That is *my* haſſock, Madam."—"*Your*'s, (replied her adverſary) *your*'s! and pray how came it to be *your*'s? I wonder how you came here at all; I am ſure you have no right to a ſeat in the ſame pew with *me!*"—"I no right? (anſwered the other) I believe I have as much right as yourſelf, as I have been ſeated here this twelve month—though, indeed, I think the pew is no way ſuitable to *my* ſtation in life—I hate to ſit among a parcel of low and dirty people."—"Low people! (replied her antagoniſt) Low people! I ſhould be glad to know what you mean by your *low* people! Every perſon who pays ſcot and lot in a pariſh, has a right to a ſeat in the church, I believe—and we do more, Madam; we have four or five good houſes of our own,

and

and well tenanted—not by your *low* people, Madam, but gentlefolks — people much too good and too clean to ſit with ſuch as *you !*"

Here the entrance of the Reader into the deſk made it neceſſary for her to ſtop, as ſhe had hitherto ſpoke in much too loud a key for the ſolemn place ſhe was in. She held her tongue, 'tis true, but her body and her feet were not idle : with the firſt, when ſhe ſtood up, ſhe edged and edged till ſhe actually ſhoved her competitor quite out of her ſeat ; and with her large feet ſhe kept poſſeſſion of the haſſock ſhe had uſurped, obliging the prior claimant to kneel on the bare boards ; while ſhe herſelf, ſtretching up her neck exultingly, brought to my mind the following ſtory :—A good old Clergyman, in the country, preached one Sunday with no ſmall energy in praiſe of virtuous women ; and ventured to promiſe them eternal felicity. For his praiſes and his promiſes he was ſeverely reproved by his wife, on his return home. " What did you mean (ſaid ſhe to him) by talking ſo like an old fool ? There's never a Prude of them all ſhall perk it in Heaven above me."

The conteſt between theſe two pious gentlewomen did not end here.—In the fervour of their reſentment, or their religion, they ſtudiouſly endeavoured to throw each other down before the Pſalms were given out ; and then ſtrove, with equal violence, to drown each

other's tones by ſuperior vociferation. In this *muſical Rigatta*, however, the laſt comer was happy enough to beat the other *hollow*. Her pipes were the ſhrilleſt I had ever heard; and ſhe exerted her vocal powers with much more force than propriety; for, not contented with the exertion of thoſe powers to animate the poetry of that peerleſs couple Meſſ. *Sternhold* and *Hopkins*, ſhe repeated every part of the Divine Service, not omitting the *Abſolution* itſelf, in a key ſufficient to give diſturbance to every body near her. The whole of her behaviour, indeed, was ill-judged; every time ſhe roſe up ſhe ſtood on tip-toe upon her haſſock, and looked round the church to curtſey to thoſe whom ſhe juſt knew by ſight, though in the middle of the *Te Deum*, the *Creeds*, &c. on purpoſe to keep up her *conſequence*. In this unſeaſonable mode of ſhewing her politeneſs, her provoked neighbour did not attempt to copy her; ſhe only darted at her, now and then, a ſarcaſtical look, till the text was announced. My ſquab neighbour then taking out her box, opened it, and crammed a large pinch of ſnuff up each of her noſtrils; and after having taken a *ſecond*, with her face turned towards her affronted companion, blew a quantity of *right Scotch* into her eyes, which made her jump up with the pain it occaſioned. "*You* a gentlewoman! (exclaimed ſhe, ſmarting) —not *you* indeed; you need not tell of your low people;

people; I am ſure you are not fit to come into a Chriſtian congregation.—You are a very Devil incarnate (added ſhe), fire and brimſtone—" "I am the fitter to deal with *you*, then" (replied the other with a ſtrong and very inſolent ſneer).

While theſe tongue-doughty Ladies were thus engaged with a mutual poignancy of language, a violent attack was ſuddenly made upon the door of the pew: in a moment a *ſhock-dog* of the largeſt ſize, and covered with mud, ſcrambled over it, and ran to his miſtreſs (who had now gained the upper ſeat), nuzzling his naſty noſe under her petticoats. By this *canine* proceeding he daubed the tall lady's gown and apron all over; who, inſtantly riſing, beckoned to the Beadle, and *he* came full of choler to lug him out. "Touch my dog if you dare (ſaid his miſtreſs); adding, "Seize him, Tyger." She alſo declared, "That as ſhe had ſo many houſes, and paid ſo much to the pariſh, ſhe would have room for her dog as well as herſelf." The Beadle, upon this addreſs (it was not certainly a *Calm Addreſs*), was forced to withdraw, as it diſturbed the Miniſter in his diſcourſe; and *Tyger* lay cloſe till the concluding aſpiration was delivered. Then the tall Lady, quitting her very humble attitude, caſt a look of ineffable contempt on the miſtreſs and the dog, ſaying, "There is no peace nor quiet with ſome peo-

ple; and I cannot think of taking the Sacrament with the ſcum of the earth!"—"Scum me no ſcums (replied the other), I am a better woman than *you* every day I live; and if you will rather neglect your precious ſoul than give place to *me*, let your folly light on your head. 'Tis all one to me; I always makes it a rule to receive the Sacrament on a *Chriſtmas-Day*, as I thinks it my duty ſo to do; but as ſoon as ever it is over, I will tell both the Doctor and the Church-wardens, that except I can keep you out of my ſeat, the firſt ſhall have not a farthing more than his *groats* for an Eaſter-offering; and the laſt ſhall be made to give an account of the *communion-plate*, which they pawned a month ago, if there is any law or juſtice in the pariſh." Here ſhe flung out of the pew in a frame of mind little ſuited to the awful ſpot to which ſhe was advancing; and I could not help wiſhing that the Doctor would talk roundly to *her*, to make her ſenſible, that the entrance upon any act of devotion without that purity of heart which can alone render it acceptable to the Supreme Being, is an affront to Religion; and that the moſt ſtrict performance of our *religious duties*, will never excuſe us for a wilful inattention to our *ſocial ones*. Upon almoſt every occaſion we expoſe our weakneſs when we exhibit our pride; but when we carry our pride with us to *Church*, we are par-

particularly cenſurable; for while we profeſs ourſelves Chriſtians, we prove ourſelves totally unacquainted with the moſt ſhining virtue by which a true Chriſtian can be diſtinguiſhed ——HUMILITY.

NUMBER XXXVII.

A Morning Ride in Rotten-Row, Hyde-Park.

AS almoſt every place has been dirty ſince the *thaw*, except Hyde-Park, I was induced this morning, for the ſake of air, and exerciſe, and cleanlineſs, to parade up and down that part of it, much frequented by the invalids of faſhion, and ſignificantly diſtinguiſhed by the name of *Rotten-Row*. My courſer was a pretty one, and *I* was, myſelf, in health and ſpirits; we, therefore, made an appearance which greatly attracted the attention of the ſhattered *corps*, who were neither ſo well mounted, nor in ſo good a condition. As for my horſe, he puſhed forward, (from a ſeeming conſciouſneſs of his ſuperiority) juſt when a ſickly gentleman was pacing up to me ſlowly, ſeated upon a rough, croſs-made beaſt, with ſuch vigour, that I expected to ſee him thrown out of his ſaddle, and laid ſprawling on the ground. I, therefore, thought it proper to ſtop, and beg his pardon, with all the civility in my power, for having put him into bodily danger. This apology opened a converſation between

us, and I then took a more particular ſurvey of my new acquaintance. He was tall, and aukward in his perſon, or appeared to be aukward from the manner in which he ſat; his knees made near approaches to his noſe, and his broad ſhoulders almoſt covered his ears; he poked his head forward with a frightful projection over his breaſt, and that head was enveloped in a ruſty flapped hat, tied under his chin, ſomething in the ſtyle of an old woman's black hood, which ſerved to keep cloſe to his face, an old fox-coloured ſcratch wig, ſcarcely with a crooked hair in it. A faſhionable *French* cloak, however, with a green cape, covered his calico body, and his gloves were lined with fur, though the day was remarkably warm for the ſeaſon. He began by thanking me for my attention to him; adding, that he had made another kind of figure formerly, and had been *ſomebody* in his time; but that *keeping it up* had brought him down pretty ſoon, as he was really an old fellow at five-and-forty.—"But I have had my penn'orth for my penny, Sir," continued he; "yet though I cannot go on myſelf, nothing provokes me ſo much as to ſee many of my companions, who are above twenty years older, a-head of me—abſolute boys, both in ſpirits and conſtitution, to me."—Perhaps, they have taken more care of themſelves, ſaid I.—"Care of themſelves!" replied he; "no, that I think is impoſſible; I do not believe there is a man in the

the whole world more cautious than I have been, nor more careful than I am now. You may believe me, Sir, when I tell you," continued he, "that I never tasted a drop of wine, which was not tasted before it came to me, by a fellow very well qualified to inform me, in a moment, whether it was genuine claret, or sound port, or your d—n'd "villainous compound" made up with nobody knows what.—By the way, this reminds me of my tincture." Here he pulled a vial out of his pocket, sipped a little, and then proceeded.—"My women, also, were in the same predicament: this friend of mine proved their goodness thoroughly before I would venture to meddle with them; and yet; I will not tell you how many distempers I have caught, with all my circumspection, by swallowing what appeared to me to be the wholesomest of all liquors, and by connections with women, who, with the most flattering outsides, were the most infernal associates to be conceived. A man must have the constitution of the devil himself, to stand firm against the shocks which I have endured. Yet there is *Will Weatherit*, at *eighty-seven*, will run into any house of entertainment in town, toss down a bottle of any thing that goes by the name of wine, which is set before him, and actually sleep upon a bulk with the lowest drab in the street, without being sick or sorry, without discovering the least weakness, or the slightest

want of health."—Pardon me, Sir, for interrupting you, ſaid I; but that man, in my opinion, diſcovers greater weakneſs, who affects to be a libertine when he is on the wrong ſide of fourſcore.—"Pſhaw! anſwered he; if he only *affects* it, indeed, why he is a fool, a puppy for his pains; but if he is really capable of enjoying life with ſpirit, is he not to be envied? And do you imagine that *I*, with my crazy carcaſe, wrapped up in flannel, with my ſtomach ſo ſqueamiſh that I can hardly digeſt a cup of chicken water, with my ſinews unſtrung, and my palate loſt, can you ſee ſuch a hardy old reprobate, without wiſhing myſelf in his place?" Why really, replied I, when a man comes to be near ninety, it is high time for him, I think, to give up the vanities of *this* world, and to prepare himſelf for a *better*. "Yes—we *muſt* give them up to be ſure, ſaid he, with a long ſigh; but I ſhould like to enjoy them, for all that, at an hundred. I aſſure you I am quite of the old Judge's opinion, who, when a brother of the Bench, pretty nearly of the ſame age, ſaid to him, in a converſation upon their juvenile days, 'The devil was very buſy with us at that time,' eagerly replied, 'I would give half my income if he was as buſy with me now."—There was ſome ſmartneſs in that anſwer, ſaid I, but you cannot commend the morality of it.—"No, but I can reliſh the meaning of it."—With theſe words, my debilitated

litated libertine, faintly warmed with the ideas which they raiſed in his mind, began to ſpur his poney, and wiſhed me a good morning.

Scarce had this curious votary of *Bacchus* and *Venus* left me, when one of the moſt elegant of females, mounted upon a beautiful creature, and attended by a handſome fellow in a ſmart livery, paſſed me. While ſhe ſeemed to fly by me, ſhe dropped her ſnow-white handkerchief, ſtrongly ſcented with lavender. As there was ſomething in the lady, and in her manner, which ſtruck me, I diſmounted immediately, picked it up, recovered my ſeat, rode after her, and preſented it with the beſt air in my power. It is impoſſible for me to deſcribe the graceful air with which ſhe received it: ſhe gave me alſo a look which made me feel all over--"I cannot tell how."—By an inſtantaneous glance I ſaw into her deſigns, and immediately recollecting my ſituation, told her it was "a fine ſoft day;" and, with a tolerable aſſurance, aſked her if ſhe was come to gain a conqueſt over the rotten regiment paſſing in review before her. Soon perceiving that I had *found her out*, ſhe pleaſantly replied in the negative; adding, "That though fools were fair game, a woman of ſenſe and ſpirit choſe rather to vanquiſh a man of the ſame turn, as there was infinitely more honour to be obtained by ſuch a victory." "True, madam, anſwered I; but ſuch men do not generally *bleed* ſo freely

ly as thoſe poor fellows—pointing to the veterans approaching us—who are glad to come down handſomely at any time, rather than be thought to have no occaſion for the favours of the ladies."—"Yes, replied ſhe, and the ladies uſe them accordingly; but when we captivate a man of underſtanding, who, though acquainted with all our artifices, is ſtill *duped* by us, even at the very moment when he is boaſting of his ſuperior reaſon; ſuch a victory you will allow, is brilliant indeed—'tis glorious." "Undoubtedly, madam, returned I; and you have a fair opportunity (ſeeing a young man of faſhion paſs us) to enjoy ſuch a triumph in all its luſtre—Now is your time to exert your talents; follow Lord H——: he is poſſeſt of one of the firſt underſtandings, in conſequence of which he is capable of diſtinguiſhing himſelf, upon any occaſion, among his own ſex, as well as among yours. He is alſo married to an accompliſhed lady, remarkably handſome and amiable; and yet ſo ſoft is his heart, that he is caught by the loweſt *female Adventurer* who falls in his way. Purſue him, madam, and you cannot but be ſucceſsful." My gentlewoman of the *turf*, for ſo I think I may properly call her, took the hint, pointed at me a look very different from that with which ſhe firſt honoured me, coolly wiſhed me a good morning, gave her palfrey a ſlight ſtroke with her ſwitch, and rode away from a ſpot where

ſhe,

ſhe, apparently, thought ſhe was two well known to do any execution.——And ſo ends the Adventure of *Momus* in *Rotten-Row*.

NUMBER XXXVIII.

The Embarraſſment of Riches.

HAVING lately heard that an old friend of mine who had lived in a very private way upon a ſcanty income, was become poſſeſſed of a conſiderable eſtate by the death of a diſtant relation, from whom he had very ſlight expectations, as they ſeldom ſaw each other; I thought I ſhould not behave with common politeneſs, if I did not call on him with my compliments of congratulation. However, before I could find a leiſure half-hour, the whole family had quitted the ſmall tenement which they inhabited in a dirty lane near Iſlington, and had removed themſelves to a large genteel houſe in Pall-Mall, not being able to breathe another day in ſo confined a dwelling, in ſo vulgar a ſituation.

On my arrival at my friend's new houſe, I ſent in my name by a powdered monkey at the door, who by his mode of behaviour ſeemed to hold his maſter extremely cheap; but he condeſcended to announce my name, and I was deſired to walk up ſtairs. I found my friend, with his wife, three daughters, and two ſons, all

all in the greateſt agitation of ſpirits, amidſt a confuſed variety of all kinds of faſhionable furniture: yet I ſoon diſcovered, that the wants of the family, by no means ſatisfied with the purchaſes already made towards the gratification of them, were ſufficient to reduce the fortune of a prince to the finances of a peaſant.

The maſter of the houſe ſtood before a table piled up with ſilks, laces, porcelain, and all ſorts of toys and nicknacks, and ſurrounded by taylors, milliners, hair-dreſſers, and trades-people waiting for orders, while he was writing down with a pencil, upon a paper he held in his hand, what his wife dictated to him; who bawled out, "Pray Mr. *T*——, make a memorandum to increaſe the plate for the ſideboard, and to add two or three more *ſarvices* of china. If you aſk ſo many people to dine, I muſt have a table to ſet them down to."—"Then you will not forget *my* horſe, Sir, I hope," ſaid Miſs T——; "all the ladies are charmingly mounted in Hyde-Park."—"Your horſe?" replied her father—"Why, *Kitty*, you can't ride." "Oh!" ſaid ſhe, "but I ſhall ſoon learn, for I am going to beſpeak my habit this morning."—"And pray, Papa," cried Miſs *Maria*, "remember that I am to have a *poloneſe*, for I am ſure I am not fit to be ſeen in this ugly gown."

Mr. *T*——— now looking about for *me*, who was almoſt loſt in the crowd, and puſhing them

them aſide, advanced to me to give me his hand.—" What, my old friend!" ſaid he, " have you caught me?"—I then congratulated him upon the very large addition to his fortune. " Why, people rarely think they can have too much," replied he, with a ſelf-ſatisfied ſmile: " but a great deal of money, my friend, is attended with a great deal of trouble. Why, now, you will not believe, perhaps, that ſince I received the firſt account of the deceaſe of my relation, I have not had a quiet moment. The firſt hurry was to procure handſome mourning for a man, whoſe death gave us more joy than we had ever known in our lives. The next thing, not to loſe any time, was to begin to *live*, even before we had ſcarcely taken poſſeſſion—for truly, my wife and daughters could not ſleep a wink in the houſe we had ſo long occupied, and in which, for aught we had reaſon to expect, we were doomed to continue to our dying day: ſo they would not let me have any reſt, nor themſelves neither, till I turned out of " ſuch a hovel," and removed to a houſe more ſuitable to my enlarged circumſtances: and now we *are* got into his houſe, we have not in their opinion, a ſingle piece of furniture, or any thing to wear, to eat or to drink, fit for people with *our income:* and though we are to mourn but three weeks, my girls have already had half a dozen different dreſſes a-piece, and my wife has ſo many things

things to purchaſe, that ſhe cannot remember half of them. I am, therefore, kept at home this morning, on purpoſe to make a liſt, not of every thing we want, but of every thing we ought not to buy."

Here his Lady interrupted him.—"I wonder, Mr. *T*——, what people have money for but to ſpend, and to make a figure with, like the reſt of the world." "Yes," replied he—"Yes, my dear; but at the rate we go on, I ſhall in a little time make no figure at all; for you have almoſt hurried me out of my life already."—"Aye, you are a poor creature," anſwered ſhe; "but indeed, Sir,"—continued ſhe, turning to *me*—"we have lived ſo long in a retired way, that we are hardly fit to appear among other people. It is no wonder, therefore, that I am deſirous of having every thing quite in taſte before we are ſeen; and as we have ſo *fine a fortune*, it would be ridiculous to ſave it: ſo do, my dear (turning to her huſband), get every thing ready as ſoon as you can, that I may receive company in the dining-room; as people are pouring in here upon us, and we have no place to put them in."—"Well, well," replied he, "time enough, time enough: let us receive our old friend in the beſt manner we can. Come, Sir," continued he, turning to me, "I will introduce my family to you: ſome of them I believe are grown out of your knowledge. Here, *Tom*, addreſſing himſelf to his

his eldeſt ſon, who had all this while been trying an old ſword before the glaſs, which from too great an attention to his own pretty figure, he had ſeveral times thruſt through the ſlit in his coat, inſtead of the belt deſigned for it—come, and pay your compliments to this gentleman." The young man then advanced with an affected ſhake of his head, held a fiſt awkwardly out to me which would not have diſgraced a plough-boy, either for its ſize, colour, or manner of preſentation; and upon his father's clapping him upon the ſhoulder, and ſaying, "The lad will do by and by," anſwered with a ſneer, thruſting his tongue into his cheek, "Yes, when I have been at two or three maſqued balls."—"By the way," added Miſs Maria, "neither my ſiſter nor I have fixed upon our dreſſes; but I believe I ſhall chuſe to be a *Sultana*, becauſe I can make a prodigious ſhew, for I may be all over ſilver and gold, and wear all my *jewels*."—"Pſhaw! you ſimpleton," ſaid her father; "what ſignifies the ſhew you make, if you do not keep your character?" "*Keep up my character*, you mean, I fancy, Papa," replied ſhe, "No, Miſs," anſwered he, "I know what I mean: I ſay, *keep your character*, for I know not any place where it may be ſooner loſt than at a maſquerade. Girls, I am ſure, can get no good by going to ſuch places, if they get no harm."—Here both the young ladies exclaimed, "O La! I am ſure we

we may as well be out of the world as out of the faſhion."—A pretty little girl about ten years old then came jumping up to me, and looking up in my face, ſaid to me, with an innocent ſmile, "And what muſt I be, Sir?"—"My pretty dear," replied I, "you are rather too young to appear in any character but your own." "Aye but that is not the thing," anſwered ſhe, with a diſcontented tone; "I want to do as my ſiſters do: I want to be dreſſed, and to look like a *fine lady*; to have my hair frizzed, with a little *wheel-barrow of carrots and turneps* upon it. I want a ſmart *poloneſe* with a train, and a pretty ſhort hoop, high-heeled ſhoes, a long pin to ſcratch my head with, and a monſtrous muff as big as my whole ſelf; and then you know I ſhall be fit to go to the *Maſqued Ball*, and the *Pantheon*, and the *Feſtino*, and the *Opera*, and—and—every where."

I could not help ſmiling at the riſing genius of the youngeſt ſprig of my friend's family, for dreſs, gadding, &c. &c. who ſeemed to promiſe to do as much honour to her father's *fortune* as any of his children; and her lively effuſions gave her partial parents ſo much pleaſure, that they caught her alternately in their arms, and kiſſed her for what ſhe ſhould have been rather corrected than careſſed. Her youngeſt brother, indeed, was ſo far of my opinion, as not to approve of her taſte, which he

he treated with the moſt mortifying contempt, declaring that he hated to go to Balls and Pantheons, *for his part*.—" And pray, Sir, what do you *like ?*" ſaid I, interrupting him: " you have your favourite diverſions, or ſtudies, I ſuppoſe ?"—" I hate all ſtudy," anſwered he, " but that of Lu and Quadrille—and think the *Comic Mirror* the *funnieſt* thing in the world." —Cards and ſcandal, thought I, are, no doubt, the politeſt accompliſhments in this improving age; but where this boy had, ſo early in life, and in a retired ſtate, picked up his ideas of them, I could not divine.

A violent rapping at the door now announced the arrival of ſome *viſitors by profeſſion*. Up ſtairs flew three or four faſhionable females, *alias* women of faſhion, and as many puppies in pigtails of the other ſex. The former accoſted the lady of the houſe with, " H—ns, Mrs. *T—!* What, are you not dreſſed yet ? We are come to aſk you to go to Mr. *Chriſtie*'s : he is ſelling Lord *Niffle-Naffle's Collection* today." " What is that ?" ſaid Mrs. *T——*. " Oh ! there is every thing you can want or name," replied one of the *Giddy-heads* ; " the ſweeteſt ſhells, and the moſt beautiful feathers." " Aye, but they are of no uſe," replied Mrs. *T——*. " I beg your pardon, *Ma'am*," ſaid one of the pretty fellows ; " they are of *undeniable* importance, and in the *higheſt preſervation*."—[looking at his teeth in the

the glaſs.]—" Then there are ſuch elegant cabrioles, ſophas," cried another of the company, " ſuch *convenient crankeys* to all the beds, and ſuch a fine pellice lined with Arabian foxſkins."—" Lovely!" replied Mrs. *T*— again; " but I do not know what theſe fine things are: I do not ſo much as know the names of them."—" Lard! where have you been born and bred?" exclaimed a third. " But come, come—we'll ſoon make you acquainted with them."—" No!" ſaid ſhe—" I will have every thing ſpick and ſpan new, I am determined: however, I will go with you, and look at theſe things, and then I ſhall be the better able to ſay whether I want them or not: I ſhall alſo be able to know them when I ſee them again, if I ſhould order any of the ſame ſort."—" Aye, that's right," cried my friend.—" Come," added he, turning to *me*, " we will all go, and ſee what we muſt have in order to live like other people."—In anſwer to this addreſs, however, as I have been a ſingular fellow all my life, and have a particular averſion to gregarious migrations of this kind, I pleaded a prior engagement, and returned home, not a little diverted with what I had met with in my congratulating viſit. After having made a few reflections upon it, I reſolved never to leave a large ſum of money to any one perſon, being thoroughly convinced, from the ſudden elevation of my abovementioned friend and his family, that both he and

and they would have been infinitely happier with a tenth part of their preſent poſſeſſions, which only ſerve to render them haughty and capricious, and to create wants of which they had not before the ſlighteſt conception.

NUMBER XXXIX.

A Ramble to Ranelagh.

AFTER having walked through the *Park*, a few evenings ago, I felt ſo much ſalubrity in the air, that I was not in the leaſt inclined to turn back: proceeding, therefore, leiſurely along the Chelſea-road, I found myſelf, before I was aware, at the end of the avenue to Ranelagh; and the crowd of carriages continually paſſing and repaſſing ſufficiently informed me that the *Rotunda* was opened for the reception of the polite world: however, as I was not incommoded by duſt, in conſequence of the road's being watered, I paid little attention to them, till I arrived at the above-mentioned place.—Then, indeed, I was as ſtrongly impelled to follow the faſhionable lead, as I had been to lengthen my walk: neither was I prevented from joining the votaries of diſſipation, by not being dreſſed *au dernier gout*, tho' many perſons would have been deterred from mixing with the *genteeleſt people in town*, in ſuch a ſituation: but as *my* ſentiments with regard

gard to *appearance* are ſomewhat different from thoſe who, with all their boaſted liberty, chuſe to make themſelves ſlaves to *faſhion*; as I went to *Ranelagh* more to *ſee* than to be *ſeen*; I paid my half-crown—conſidering it of as much value to the proprietors, as if it came out of the pocket of a Peer—without bluſhing, becauſe I had no *bouquet* in my boſom, no ſmart cane with twiſted ſtrings in my hand, and only *one* watch in my fob.

Having eaſily gained admiſſion with all theſe diſadvantages, my ears were at firſt regaled by a piece of muſic, which is always a feaſt to them, and which, being admirably executed, would probably have detained them a conſiderable time—(tho' I have converſed enough with faſhionable people to know that it is exceedingly vulgar to liſten to muſic *there*)—had I not been prevented by the converſation of two *females* dreſſed in the higheſt ſtyle, who, accoſting each other, expreſſed mutual ſurpriſe at their meeting in that place. The lady who ſeemed to take moſt upon her, and to give herſelf moſt airs, declared that ſhe had never been ſeen there at ſo early an hour, as no genteel people ever thought of coming till nine: "but I have the misfortune to live in the naſty City, added ſhe—as far as Thames-ſtreet; and my coachman telling me it was a very long drive, deſired me to conſider his horſes; and I have

have been actually jolted to death; all the powder is ſhook out of my hair."

"So much the better, replied the other; it ſhould only have juſt enough to take the gloſs off the hair, which, when ſhining, is apt to deaden the complexion. Beſides, every creature wears their curls as looſe as poſſible, and 'tis vaſtly more becoming."

Upon this, I ſurveyed the head before me, which appeared to be ſtuffed out to a very enormous ſize; but what chagrined me moſt, was to ſee it decorated with a prodigious quantity of fine white-heart cherries that really looked moſt invitingly plump and juicy; tho' I confeſs I thought them ſuch improper ornaments for the head, that I turned from them, diſguſted. I ſoon found, however, that I was rather ſingular with my ſenſations, as almoſt every body ſeemed not only to ſtare at theſe cherries, but to admire their ripeneſs; eſpecially every female in the place; there was *one* lady in particular, who being in a longing condition, caſt ſuch wiſhful glances at them, that I actually believed ſhe would have ſnapped at them, had ſhe been tall enough to reach them: but as the lowneſs of her ſtature excluded ſuch an attempt, ſhe followed them round and round for a long time. Upon the wearer's ſitting down, ſhe endeavoured to get a ſeat near her, but in vain: ſhe ſtood, however, as as cloſe to her as ſhe could, till ſhe was ready

to

to ſink to the ground, waiting with inexpreſſible impatience, as if ſhe expected the alluring fruit to drop into her longing mouth. At length, a friend of hers coming up to me, aſked me if I thought there were any real cherries of the ſame kind to be purchaſed any where in the neighbourhood, as the lady was near her time, and that a diſappointment might be attended with dangerous conſequences. In reply I told her, that I believed there were not any riper than thoſe ſhe ſaw, which might, undoubtedly, be ſaid to grow in a *hot-bed*: but I could not help adding, that they were exhibited in a very improper manner, as the ſtrongeſt ſtomach muſt certainly be turned at the bare idea of eating cherries taken out of a dunghilcom poſed of of hair, wool, greaſe, and powder; not to mention the living animals which ſuch a mixture commonly produces, and which might crawl over the fruit in their march round their capital.—The lady ſhrugged up her ſhoulders, made a face at my ſtating the affair as it appeared to me, and repeated what I had ſaid to her friend, with the ſtrongeſt additions, in order to cure her of her falſe appetite; but to no purpoſe. The pregnant lady proteſted that ſhe might not only loſe her life, if her longing was not immediately gratified, but deprive Mr. ——— (naming her huſband) of an heir to his title and eſtate, for which he had been wiſhing with the greateſt anxiety theſe ten years.

years.—"I am ſure", continued ſhe, "I have been not only forbid almoſt ſpeaking and ſtirring ſince I was breeding, but prevented from going here and there for fear of a miſcarriage; and now the fuſs and confinement I have ſuffered muſt come to *nothing*."

Here I ventured to interpoſe again, at the requeſt of her friend, and told her that if ſhe had the fruit even in her own mouth ſhe could not eat it, as it was nothing but a compoſition made to reſemble nature. "Well, then," cried ſhe, "I muſt be ſatisfied with only handling them—for touch them I muſt, or die."

The lady who wore this tempting ornament, being made acquainted with the other's diſtreſs on her account, was prevailed upon to lower her creſt a little, that it might come within the reach of the longing wife, who, to *her* great mortification, and the ſurpriſe of all preſent, ſeized the fictitious fruit with ſo much violence, that ſhe tore the whole ſuperſtructure to pieces; and to eſcape the clamour with which ſuch an indefenſible behaviour might occaſion, pretended to faint away at the deception ſhe had met with, by finding the cherries which had looked ſo attractive in her eyes, not fit to be preſſed by her lips. In this condition, with a crowd about her, I left her ſurrounded with ſmelling-bottles, &c. &c. and the lady who had been ſo

roughly handled by her, in the utmoſt confuſion.

Soon afterwards I ſtepped into a box on the other ſide of the Rotunda, in which a ſhort ſquab woman was ſitting, with a broad flat face, and a head—(like the City of London) *over built*; with a great quantity of vegetables, &c. in her upper-works, and tea, coffee, &c. before her. Of theſe refreſhments ſhe was juſt going to partake with the higheſt ſatisfaction, declaring ſhe was almoſt *tired* to *pieces*, and ſtarved to death—and had actually made an attempt on the buttered rolls with unuſual avidity, when a tall fine woman of the firſt form, with her hair dreſſed to an immenſity of breadth as well as height, adorned with flowers, feathers, &c. entered the ſame box, and calling to her party—"Oh, here's a ſeat!"—immediately ſat down. She then took hold of the tea-tray, to draw it towards her, while her oppoſite neighbour—(oppoſite in more ſenſes than one) pulled it back again in a very ſpirited manner, and reddening like an incenſed turkey-cock, exclaimed, vociferouſly, "Firſt come, firſt ſerved!"—The lady of faſhion, without deigning to make any reply to the *Gothic wretch*, drew the board towards *her* ſide of the table; but, in catching up the tea-pot, her head, moſt unfortunately, became entangled in that of her wrathful antagoniſt, and ſhe had one of her ſmarteſt feathers inſtantly diſlodged

lodged by a *raddiſh* which grew—a formidable excreſcence—out of her neighbour's curls, who in a very lively effort to diſengage herſelf, or rather to haraſs the enemy, butted like an enraged bull againſt the forehead of the woman of faſhion. By this effort a ſtring of pearls pendent on the hair of the latter caught hold of a huge *leek* ſtaring in the front of the former's head-dreſs, and dragged it off; and it hung dangling over the ſnowy boſom of the owner of the pearls.—Thinking herſelf now in ſome danger, and having her delicacy deeply wounded, the fine lady ſcreamed with terror and diſguſt; declaring at the ſame time, that the horrid ſtench of the *leek* was quite overcoming, tho' it was compoſed of nothing but painted paper and tinſel, and ſtrongly ſcented with lavender-water; ſo ſtrongly indeed, that if it had been dug up in the garden that moment, it would ſcarcely have been diſtinguiſhed by its natural effluvia. However, as the olfactory nerves of women of quality are amazingly tender and acute, there was no perſuading the lady in queſtion, that ſhe had not the moſt powerful ſcent of the onion in her delicate noſtrils: nor was there leſs difficulty to perſuade the little ſquab to ſit down quietly, contented with the demolition of her kitchen-garden. She demanded ſatisfaction in a menacing tone, and even ſwore tremendouſly with a thundering voice, that ſhe would have her *leek* back again, or periſh.

—With infinite labour and fatigue ſome gentlemen who kindly intereſted themſelves in this perſonal quarrel, at length adjuſted matters; and in conſequence of their friendly remonſtrances, accompanied with a few well-pointed petitions, each diſhevelled female was glad to retire to a room in the houſe in order to be rendered *fit to be ſeen*.—There a hair-dreſſer attended to repair the ravages they had committed;—tho' many perſons will probably join with the *Laughing Philoſopher* in thinking that they wanted more *dreſſing within* than without, and that the firſt Beauty in the kingdom will gain more real admiration by the enlargement of her *mind* than the expanſion of her *head*.

FINIS.

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